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# NATIONAL REVIEW

# AMERICAN TRAVESTY

## How justice failed the Rodney King cops

**by LOU CANNON**

**PLUS:**

*Noemie Emery*: Hillary Clinton's Flop

*Jay Nordlinger*: George W.'s Foreign-Policy Guru

*David Pryce-Jones*: Islamic Fundamentalism's Fade-Out

*Terry Teachout*: Alfred Hitchcock's Art

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# NATIONAL REVIEW

AUGUST 30, 1999 VOL. LI, NO. 16


## ARTICLES


18 Hillary's Meltdown *by Noemie Emery*
Or, The Death of a Legend.

20 Tax and Spin *by Ramesh Ponnuru*
A think tank and its "genius."

22 Ponzi Party *by John O'Sullivan*
Social Security, immigration, and an old con.

25 The Longest Shot *by Jonah Goldberg*
An activist runs for president.

26 The Climber *by John J. Miller*
Bill Richardson's glorious career.

29 When in Rome . . .
*by Christopher Caldwell*
The horrid spirit of Woodstock.

30 American Travesty *by Lou Cannon*
How justice failed the Rodney King cops.

35 Star-in-Waiting *by Jay Nordlinger*
Meet George W.'s foreign-policy czarina.

38 Twilight of the Ayatollahs
*by David Pryce-Jones*
Islamic fundamentalism is on the wane.


Cover photography by George Holliday

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*http://www.nationalreview.com*

## BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS


Hitchcock at 100—*Terry Teachout considers the achievements of a cinematic force,* **page 45**

Swift Kicks—*John Derbyshire,* **page 46**
Jonathan Swift: A Portrait, *by Victoria Glendinning*

Faux Britannia—*Roger Kimball,* **page 48**
England, England, *by Julian Barnes*

Anti-Depressant—*Holman W. Jenkins Jr.,* **page 50**
The Return of Depression Economics, *by Paul Krugman*

Music: A Long Way from Leipzig—*Jay Nordlinger visits the Carmel Bach Festival,* **page 51**

Film: From Crown to Crowe—*John Simon on* The Thomas Crown Affair, The Sixth Sense, *and* Cabaret Balkan, **page 53**

Delectations: Chefs d'Œuvre—*Linda Bridges on Rundles, where great food is served and great chefs are trained,* **page 55**


## SECTIONS


2 Letters
4 For the Record
6 The Week
42 Help!
44 Letter from Al
56 Books in Brief
58 On the Right
60 The Misanthrope's Corner



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## ■ LETTERS ■

### A FEW GOOD MEN

Andrew J. Bacevich's "Losing Private Ryan" and Stephen E. Ambrose's "The End of the Draft, and More" (Aug. 9) raised an important issue. Missing, though, was mention of the fact that military service is rarely considered by the elites of our society. Where once the George Bushes and John F. Kennedys volunteered, now very few of their class do. How many of NR's staffers in their 20s and 30s have served in the military? If not the staff of a conservative publication, then who?

*Bill Brockman*
*Atlanta, Ga.*

### ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

John O'Sullivan's "George W. Clinton?" (Aug. 9) was just too much for me. Urging Republicans to vote for Al Gore over George W. Bush? I know he's no Bush fan, but his piece belonged in the *New York Times*, not NATIONAL REVIEW.

There is wisdom in the so-called Eleventh Commandment: Thou shalt not hurt other Republicans during campaign season. NR should take heed. We should aim at Gore rather than ourselves.

*Thomas Matanzo*
*Steubenville, Ohio*

### TRUE BLUE

Your editorial on Sen. Bob Smith's departure from the GOP ("The Quitter," August 9) was strange coming from the same publication that spearheaded the establishment of the New York Conservative Party and supported William F. Buckley Jr. for New York City mayor.

NATIONAL REVIEW is the same magazine that supported liberal Democrat Joe Lieberman against Connecticut Republican Lowell Weicker, the same Sen. Lieberman who supports gun control, abortion, never met a spending bill he didn't like, adores campaign-finance control, and opposed Clinton's impeachment.

So why not show your independent roots and support Sen. Smith? His rhetoric and voting record are, in a word, conservative. Can we say as much for the leader of the GOP pack?

*John F. Burger*
*Chesterfield, N.H.*

### ONE LONG MOMENT

Richard Brookhiser ("The Gay Moment," July 26) compared the attention now given homosexuals to that once given to Irish Catholics and Jews. Only when gay people enjoy, as heterosexual Catholics and Jews now do, the freedom to work without harassment, safety within our public-school systems, the opportunity to serve their country in the military, legal protection for their life partners, and the feeling of security in their homes and on the street, will there be less to talk about.

*Karen Ellen Kavey*
*Chappaqua, N.Y.*

### CORRECTION

Two lines were inadvertently dropped from John Simon's review of *Eyes Wide Shut* ("Not with a Bang . . .," Aug. 9). The last sentence on page 55 should have read: "But, as we gather from Raphael's book-length memoir of their collaboration, it was the screenwriter who insisted that moviegoers would not tolerate unresolved mystery and needed full explanations."

### CLARIFICATION

Richard Brookhiser reports that the ancestry of Thomas Jefferson's putative slave descendants is even more complicated than the picture presented in his "Father of His Country, Only" (Aug. 9). DNA tests showed that Jefferson could not have been the father of Thomas Woodson, who was supposed to have been Sally Hemings's oldest child. But in all likelihood, Hemings was not his mother either. Woodson's descendants were told that he was produced by the famous couple—an instance of the chanciness of unsupported oral tradition.

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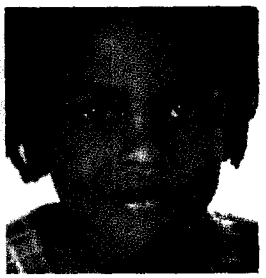

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## ■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ President **Clinton** claims **John F. Kennedy Jr.** "actually had not been back to the White House since his father was killed, until I became president." JFK Jr. visited both the **Nixon** and **Reagan** White Houses. . . . Clinton picks New York architectural firms to design presidential library in Little Rock. . . . *National Journal* asks Sen. **Bob Kerrey** (D., Neb.) about famous line calling Clinton "an unusually good liar." Responds Kerrey: "What I said was entirely deserved—make no mistake.". . .Vice President **Gore** says $792 billion GOP tax cut "endangers our prosperity itself," but breaks with Clinton by backing marriage-penalty relief. . . . **Bill Bradley** on *Meet the Press*: "I think that there are more important things that we need in the country now than this size of tax cut." Bradley on same program, eight years ago: "I think the first thing the government ought to do is put more money in your pocket." . . . More Bradley, in basketball memoir *Life on the Run*: "What normally would be out of the question for me becomes acceptable in the self-contained world of Mt. Marriott or Holiday Valley. Normal shyness would prevent me from entering a stranger's hotel room, but on the road there seems to be nothing to lose. . . . The percentages are that if a man spends enough nights in hotels he will meet a woman with whom for that night he will share a bed, giving each a brief escape from boredom and loneliness." . . . Gore chief of staff **Ron Klain** resigns to join law firm.

■ In Polling Company survey, 55 percent of Iowa Republicans say they "don't know where **George W. Bush** stands on issues that are important to me." . . . Bradley moves ahead of Bush in New York state poll, while Gore remains in dead heat with Texas governor. . . . **Dan Quayle**: "The Clinton-Gore White House started out as Woodstock '69. Big hopes, great expectations, promises of harmony and understanding. It is ending as Woodstock '99—a trashing of ideals, a trashing of standards, a trashing of institutions that are not theirs to trash." . . . Bush, Quayle campaigns rent *Forbes* magazine subscriber list for fundraising purposes.

■ In Pew Research Poll, 44 percent say House was right to impeach Clinton, up from 35 percent seven months ago. . . . After tossing perfect game, New York Yankees pitcher **David Cone** appears with Mayor **Rudy Giuliani** and pokes fun at **Hillary Clinton**: "Mr. Mayor, I'd like to say on behalf of all the Yankee players . . . how your sincerity as a Yankee fan really comes across. We see it. I mean, there's a lot of politicians that say they're baseball fans and put on the cap." . . . In surprise announcement, Giuliani rival Gov. **George Pataki** (R., N.Y.) says mayor "has earned the right" to be GOP nominee for Senate. . . . Rep. **Albert Wynn** (D., Md.), supporter of federal minimum-wage hikes, opposes "living-wage" bill in Montgomery County that

would raise minimum pay to $9 per hour with benefits: "Any entry-level wage should be one that will be attractive to an employer so he will hire more people who have marginal skills." . . . Endangered Rep. **James Rogan** (R., Calif.) leads House in fundraising with $1.5 million this year. . . . Retirement of Rep. **Rick Hill** (R., Mont.) hands Democrats "one of their best pickup opportunities" next year, says *Roll Call*. . . . Libertarian party plans to run 2,000 candidates at all levels next year, a record for the party.

■ Heritage Foundation ranks as most influential think tank in survey of Capitol Hill staffers and journalists, launches website focusing on high-performing, high-poverty schools (www.noexcuses.org). . . . Duke University study of 4,000 elderly people says those who attend weekly religious services are 28 percent less likely to die in seven-year period. . . . Sen. **Mitch McConnell** (R., Ky.) criticizes Smithsonian exhibit for "political correctness" in claiming Pueblos and Hispanics in New Mexico have faced "invasive forms of Christianity." . . . Senate restores funding for National Endowment for Democracy. . . . Coast Guard spends more than $525,000 searching for John F. Kennedy Jr.'s airplane and recovering bodies. . . . Town of Republic, Mo., removes Christian fish symbol from city seal following ACLU lawsuit. . . . The Citadel expects 41 female freshmen cadets this fall. . . . Mount Holyoke College offers non-credit class on strip dancing. . . . NBC prepares to launch new show, *The West Wing*, featuring left-winger **Martin Sheen** as president.

■ Russian officials wine and dine Montenegro president **Milo Djukanovic**, suggesting Moscow ready to abandon Serbia's **Slobodan Milosevic**. . . . Amnesty International publicizes plight of "world's youngest prisoner of conscience," a 3-year-old arrested in Burma with mother on suspicion of planning demonstration. . . . Indian population nears 1 billion, or roughly one of every six people on earth. . . . Conservatives in Canada score surprise win in Nova Scotia elections. . . . Newly released documents show FBI identified **Kim Philby** as most likely "Third Man" in Cambridge spy ring within days of **Guy Burgess** and **Donald Maclean** defections, but lacked enough evidence to pursue him. . . . Japanese protest earrings, shaped like first atomic bombs, sold at National Atomic Museum in New Mexico.

■ Interviewed by *The Progressive*, National Organization for Women president Patricia Ireland, "probably the most visible representative of feminism in the United States," indulges in male-chauvinist stereotypes. "Q: You caused some problems for Janet Reno when she first arrived in Washington by revealing you played softball with her. A: Yes, yes—I really thought that was amusing. I was trying to put forward a different image from the one that got across. Of course, every softball team and every soccer team—I wouldn't say they're *all* lesbian, but . . ." **NR**


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# THE WEEK

■ A panel of professors evaluated how well Al Gore and George W. Bush deliver the Spanish sentences they stir into their stump speeches. They concluded that Bush had a good accent, but bad grammar. Isn't that how he talks conservative?

■ Hillary Clinton has a Jewish family connection (her grandmother's second husband, according to the *Forward*, was Jewish), and a black link as well. *Ebony* magazine revealed that her great-great-grandfather, Hemings Rodham, was one-eighth black. Like many people of not much color who escaped or were manumitted in the antebellum period, he came to the Midwest and joined the white community. Harvard professor Henry Louis ("Skip") Gates Jr. said that the connection shows that racial issues "are as multifaceted now as they were then." "Her genes riff, like her husband's politics," added critic Stanley Crouch. Psychiatrist Alvin F. Poussaint, noting Mrs. Clinton's history of spousal abuse, said "the burdens of broken families, associated with slavery and 'blackness,' affect white America too." *Ebony* denied that Mrs. Clinton's senatorial campaign gave them any help with the story, although filmmaker Spike Lee was reportedly in discussions with the campaign about doing an ad.

■ According to recent reports, George W. Bush does a mean impression of Dr. Evil, the campy villain from the *Austin Powers* movies. Now it turns out that Bush can do a (not so) nice Karla Faye Tucker, too. Last year, Texas executed Tucker, a double murderer who became a Christian on death row and whose pleas for clemency gained national attention. Bush apparently hasn't yet forgiven her for the resulting bad PR. In discussing the case with reporter Tucker Carlson for *Talk* magazine, Bush mimics the late Karla Faye begging for mercy: "'Please,' Bush whimpers, his lips pursed in mock desperation, 'don't kill me.'" Bush makes much of his own religious conversion, but apparently Christian mercy doesn't keep him from holding a grudge against a woman whose death warrant he signed. More of this, and people may stop believing Bush's impression of a compassionate conservative.

■ In the same interview, Bush is asked whether abortions have gone up or down while he's been governor: "I don't know, probably down. Not because of anything we've done, though." Oh. Is it too much to ask that Bush at least feign interest in the question? Or is imitating a committed pro-lifer too far outside his range?

■ Bush, alone among Republican presidential candidates, refuses to say whether he has used cocaine. That the question is being asked, in the absence of any specific accusation, suggests the panic of his opponents, including the White House. But it also testifies to our confusion about drugs, and about privacy. When the public clamors for laws that impose draconian punishments it cannot bear to see imposed on anyone in particular, law and social practice have drifted too far apart. Who really considers the neighbor's kid a felon for snorting a line? At the same time, whether, and under what circumstances, a candidate has used cocaine is more relevant to his fitness to serve than whether he has had premarital or adulterous sex, two questions Bush *has* answered. A moral right to privacy implies a correlative duty not to publicize personal matters by, for example, discussing one's spiritual journey or advertising one's fine feelings too insistently on the campaign trail. If politicians want us to respect their privacy, they will first have to respect it themselves.

■ Who is the more reasonable and palatable Democratic candidate—Al Gore or Bill Bradley? Increasingly, we are tempted to give the nod to the vice president. Bradley continues to nauseate both in his policies and his rhetoric. On China, he has shown that he is hardly a figure of Churchillian resolve. Indeed, he is not even a figure of Clintonian resolve. Asked what he would do as president if the PRC invaded Taiwan, he took the opportunity to chew out the island republic for its impertinence: "The United States should say to the Taiwanese government that if they take steps toward independence, they cannot count on us for any help." Some days later, at a Jesse Jackson event, Bradley reprised his holier-than-thou number on race. "Racial unity," he said, "is not my position," but "my core." Demanding that the administration issue an executive order that prohibits "racial profiling" in police work, he huffed, "Mr. Vice President, walk down that hall where the president is seated, go up to him with the executive order, and say to him, 'Sign this now!'" If you think that nothing could be worse than a Gore administration—abolition of the automobile and all—think again.

■ We pause to record the extraordinary fact that the president of the United States was fined $90,686 for contempt of court. The judge said she was imposing the fine "to deter others who might consider emulating the president's misconduct." Extraordinary, we have said. But not in this administration; not with this president. Bill Clinton has forced a numbing in this country, a numbing that we ourselves work not to submit to. It is not normal for the president of the United States to be hit with—to deserve—such a fine. It is not normal for the president to have to pay almost a mil-



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## After the Interview

*The Finger Lakes are still on tap.*
*Joe Lockhart seemed about to snap,*
*But he's okay and she's okay,*
*Though there were those who looked away*
*When Ma and Granny took the fall;*
*But, hey, the Missus made the call,*
*And she must know a can of worms,*
*Once it's re-opened, really squirms.*

—W. H. von Dreele

lion-dollar settlement to a woman, a state employee, he harassed. These events, and so many more, are extraordinary; only, in the last seven years, they have come to seem ordinary. Very little in this country is more urgent than the restoration of right standards for the president.

■ But don't look to the American Bar Association for help on that project. "I may be the only person who's flown on both Air Force One and Con Air," Webb Hubbell joked to the ABA convention on August 6. One might wonder why the ABA, whose mission is to "increase . . . respect for the law and to achieve the highest standard of . . . ethical conduct," would invite a disbarred convicted felon whose crimes include stealing from fellow lawyers. Then again, the ABA invited Hubbell's former boss, Bill Clinton, to speak to them the week after the president was fined. This is in sharp contrast to the ABA's treatment of another disgraced president. Not only was Richard Nixon not invited to speak to the ABA, he was formally condemned and disbarred for such nebulous villainies as casting "aspersions upon the integrity of the profession." These days, the ABA does that just fine all by itself.

■ Both Ken Starr and *The American Spectator* have been cleared of any wrongdoing in the case of Judge David Hale. The scandal-fatigued have probably long since forgotten the charge leveled by White House spinners and sycophants against Starr and the conservative magazine. The allegation was that Richard Mellon Scaife funneled some piddling sum through the *Spectator*'s "Arkansas Project" into Hale's pocket in order to influence his testimony—all under the knowing eye of Ken Starr. Janet Reno declared that (unlike the various campaign-finance scandals) such charges "must be pursued" and, in something of a first, quickly launched an investigation. About a year later, a report from outside investigator Michael Shaheen clears Starr, the *Spectator*, and, yes, even Scaife of all the charges. But the allegations served their purpose: to provide Clinton mouthpieces with a useful smear.

■ A judge threw out most of a lawsuit against the Christian Coalition by the Federal Election Commission—the latest in a string of judicial rebukes of that agency's habitual overreaching—but the rest of the news for the Coalition was bleak. To its continued staff disarray and financial difficulties was added the embarrassment of a remarkable *New York Times* story. Citing "former national leaders," Laurie Goodstein reported that the Coalition had padded its mailing list, exaggerated how many voter guides it distributed, and even "hired temporary workers to look busy in the mail room and phone banks to impress reporters and camera crews." This is only the latest chapter in the rocky organizational history of the Christian conservative movement; think of the Moral Majority, or Pat Robertson's 1988 presidential campaign. While the inability to build lasting institutions must be counted as a failure of the movement, its maturation and assimilation into the GOP succeeded in shifting American politics to the right. If the Christian Coalition was never as big as it said it was, the movement was always bigger than it anyway.

■ Has Gray Davis, California's hugely successful Third Way Democratic governor, made his first mistake? Davis faced lawsuits from ethnic and liberal organizations challenging Proposition 187, the 1994 initiative that cut off benefits to illegal aliens. He agreed to mediation, which resulted in an out-of-court agreement to let 187 go by the boards. Yet a June *Los Angeles Times* poll shows that 187 has the same voter support now—about 60 percent—that it did five years ago, even if the Republicans have run from it. Meanwhile, Assembly Speaker Antonio Villaraigosa thanked the president for his "great impact" in beating 187. Not President Clinton, but President Ernesto Zedillo of Mexico, who will be sending more of his citizens north.

■ A funny thing happened to Dan Quayle on the way to publication. Ann Godoff, chief editor at Random House, took a look at Quayle's *Worth Fighting For* and apparently had a nervous breakdown, writing, "The proposal is well thought through. The trouble is I just don't want to be a party to the promulgation of ideas I disagree with so profoundly. In the end, I think, the best publishing is done without reservation." There is absolutely nothing in Quayle's book that would make a civilized person react ("so profoundly") as if she had met a king cobra. Furthermore, Ann Godoff might have assigned the book to a subordinate editor not given to ideological delirium tremens. The book has been printed by Word Publishing and is doing nicely.

■ Though Taiwan has sought to ease tension over its recent self-assertion, China is making threatening moves against it. In response, the U.S. Senate is considering the Taiwan Security Enhancement Act, which would upgrade our military relations with the island. The Clinton administration is apoplectic about the bill, claiming—against all evidence—that Taiwan faces no serious threat, and—again, against all evidence—that deference to Beijing is the surest way to dis-



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courage its bellicosity. The bill is really rather modest, merely calling for the strengthening of our ally's defenses, within the boundaries of the established one-China policy. The Senate should approve the bill with veto-proof resolve.

■ The Boris Yeltsin Show runs and runs. He is so sick, he can hardly work, but when he does make it into the Kremlin it is to fire his prime minister. Vladimir Putin is the fifth to be appointed in 17 months, a political turnover that merits an entry in the Guinness book. Putin, now only 46, is still old enough to have spent 15 years as a KGB man in East Germany, making him an ambitious party comrade, by definition. This no doubt explains why he has until now been in charge of the Security Council, successor to the KGB. Presidential elections are due in about a year. Yeltsin has endorsed Putin as the best man to follow him. Strange, this. Putin, an unattractive apparatchik, has no popular base at all. Many in Russia want to investigate the rumors that Yeltsin and "The Family" around him are corrupt, and Putin could usefully block that. Perhaps the cunning plan is to create confusion so that Yeltsin can decree a state of emergency. In keeping with his conquest of the Pristina airport, he could then make a grab to extend the term of his own presidency.

■ In the middle of the Kosovo war, President Clinton unveiled his very own doctrine of international relations: America and NATO were fighting for "the principle of multi-ethnic, tolerant, inclusive democracy" and "against the idea that statehood must be based entirely on ethnicity." His new world order would be built on federations such as the European Union; the likes of the Kosovar Albanians would enjoy limited cultural autonomy rather than full national sovereignty. So how is it working out? It is plain that the very concept of a multi-ethnic Serbian federation including Kosovo is dead. All Kosovar Albanians support independence. If NATO is to keep Kosovo under even a fig leaf of Serbian sovereignty, it will have to fight them next. So too was the Clinton Doctrine a manifesto of opposition to "ethnic cleansing"—and the Kosovar Serbs themselves are in turn being ethnically cleansed by the KLA. Since the Clinton Doctrine has no divisions (the president never pays for his commitments), there will be no multi-ethnic, multicultural federation in the Balkans. The Clinton Doctrine, like peace in Kosovo, has proven remarkably short-lived.

■ It has long been an article of leftist faith that the U.S. Army's School of the Americas is evil. This invaluable institution, formerly in the Panama Canal Zone, now at Fort Benning, Ga., has been smeared for about 20 years as a school for torture and a breeding ground for dictators. In reality, it is a place where U.S. soldiers teach professionalism to Latin American soldiers, which means instructing them in everything from marksmanship to civilized interrogation techniques to principles of civilian control and respect for human rights. Still, the Left mouths robotically that "Noriega went there," which is indeed the case—so have a lot of other bad guys. But if that were the test for keeping a school open, many other institutions would have to be shut down as well. (Think the Unabomber and Harvard.) As Latin American militaries downsize and seek a new mission in a recently democratized region, they are more appealing candidates than ever for our training—and badly in need of it. Yet just before recessing, the House accepted the Noriega-went-there shibboleth and voted to cut funding for the school. This is a victory for leftist ideology, and for sheer stupidity. It is now up to a conference committee to reject the vicious lie that Americans teach torture, and fund the School of the Americas to the hilt.

■ The collapse of Colombia can no longer be ignored. Guerrilla forces, fueled by enormous drug-trafficking income, now number 20,000, and they are growing in power. The new Colombian president, Andres Pastrana, promised to launch a peace process, and he has kept his word. But the guerrillas have spurned his offers. They are now able not only to dominate large areas of countryside but to threaten cities. Pastrana seems at the moment without a policy. So why should the United States have one? Because the situation in Colombia threatens the stability of its neighbors, including Panama and Venezuela (our largest oil supplier). Colombia happens to be our third-largest foreign-aid recipient (after Israel and Egypt), but few Americans know it: President Clinton is allergic to discussing the use of military force in the region, and most Democrats are more concerned about human-rights violations by the Colombian army than about the country's fall into anarchy or guerrilla control. Any hint of sending in the Marines would probably scare Americans more than the guerrillas, and such an action is, in any case, unnecessary. What is needed is a major program of enlarging, equipping, and training the Colombian army, for until it can beat the guerrillas they will have no incentive to negotiate. Meanwhile, the *least* useful debate in the United States will concern whether Colombia is like Vietnam or El Salvador or . . . What Colombia is, is a dangerous mess, and the sooner we assure Bogotá that we will back a realistic policy of vanquishing the guerrillas, the better.

## Moving Right Along

*In Kosovo, where Serbs require*
*Brits standing guard when they retire,*
*The KLA drills with a look*
*More suitable for Captain Hook,*
*While in tent cities, Kosovars*
*Pick through the desolate bazaars.*
*In Washington, attention spans*
*Move on to other wormy cans.*

—W. H. von Dreele

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—JOHN KENNETH [illegible]

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■ The administration's gloating about its hand in electing Ehud Barak (see David Bar-Illan, "Why Bibi Fell," June 14) has come to an abrupt end. Barak is now proving as tough a negotiator as his much-maligned predecessor, Benjamin Netanyahu. Yet the administration is so much in the habit of acting as Yasir Arafat's lawyer, it finds itself blocking the most important diplomatic initiatives put forward by its erstwhile fair-haired boy. Barak, on his mid-July visit to Washington, pleaded for U.S. support for a change in procedure. He, like Netanyahu, disdains the politically painful incremental withdrawals required in the Oslo and Wye accords and would prefer to move directly to the final negotiation on the core issues. But Arafat says no, and the U.S. will not stand up to him—even for Barak.

■ The American Academy of Pediatrics has suggested that children under 2 years old should not watch television. What about adults? Worries about the effects of television preceded the phrase about the "vast electronic wasteland"—T. S. Eliot wrote a troubled letter to the *Times* of London in 1950. Though many struggle valiantly to produce good content, they must fight the tendency of TV itself to induce a sense of passivity and unreality. No other medium is both so compelling and so cold. A free country cannot ban it, and it is unrealistic to expect anyone who is not Amish to do without it entirely. But television itself is a seductive thing, and tuning in to the Teletubbies or C-SPAN does not entirely eliminate the dangers.

■ The New Jersey Supreme Court ruled that the Boy Scouts must allow homosexuals to be scoutmasters because the group is a "public accommodation" subject to antidiscrimination laws, like a restaurant. The justices also took it upon themselves to explain that "homosexuality" is not immoral—a point established "by decades of social science"—and is compatible with the requirement that scouts be "morally straight" and "clean." The Boy Scouts argue that freedom of association entails a right to exclude homosexuals (and atheists and girls, who have been plaintiffs in other suits). The Court disagreed, partly because the Scouts have a large and broad membership. Apparently, only small organizations may be run on lines other than the state's. Gov. Christine Todd Whitman, applauding the ruling, said "there's no reason to worry" about gay scoutmasters, and maybe there isn't. But there's certainly reason to worry about courts that take such a cramped view of freedom and an expansive view of their own social role.

■ Think of it as preemptive capital punishment. A pair of researchers, from Stanford Law School and the University of Chicago, have concluded that the legalization of abortion in the Seventies explains about half of the fall in crime in the Nineties. States with high abortion rates back then, they say, have had the most dramatic improvements in crime now, and states that legalized abortion earlier started their improvements earlier too. More extensive comment will have to await publication of the research, but it certainly makes an intuitive, Swiftian sense: 39 million abortions means 39 million fewer people to commit crimes or be crime victims (as also 39 million fewer people to write or read novels, join the police, or enjoy a summer's day at the park). And the mothers most likely to have abortions—teens, blacks, single women—are also most likely to have children who become criminals. On the other hand, crime was skyrocketing in Britain 20 years after legalization, and still is; and an abortion rate four times as high as ours has not made Russia notably safer. Social science may put a eugenic gloss on our abortion policy, but that cannot justify it. Abortion does not prevent crime; it is crime.

■ What a journey Nirad Chaudhuri made, from the Bengali village where he was born in 1897 to Oxford where he just died, still writing and publishing after turning 100. The entire culture and history of Asia and Europe seemed to be in the head of this last eminent Victorian. His knowledge served truth, not flattery. The people of India in his opinion had been fortunate: British rule had rescued them from decadence. Once independent, the whole continent of India heedlessly squandered a civilizing and universal legacy. Several of his books tell the story in the form of autobiography, and they are masterpieces all. Settling in England, he discovered a country turning its back on everything it once stood for. This was another decadence. With supreme energy and humor, he savaged the tragicomedy of the permissive society and its mass-produced political correctness. A free spirit, a great man.

■ *The Blair Witch Project* is the surprise movie hit of the summer. Its colossal box-office success has landed it on the cover of both *Time* and *Newsweek*, as cultural pundits try to figure out why it has struck such a deep chord with Americans. That's easy. The film is a harrowing pseudo-documentary about the horrible activities of benighted residents of a rural backwater. Could it be impeachment nostalgia, so soon after the fact?

**TAXES**

# Back on Track

SHORTLY after the passage of the big Republican tax cut, almost exactly along party lines, Dick Gephardt fumed, incoherently, that it would "replay a rerun of the 1980s-style voodoo economics." Not true, unfortunately. But the bill may very well be the most pro-taxpayer legislation to pass Congress since the 1981 Kemp-Roth tax cut that launched the ongoing 17-year expansion in the first place.

The hero of this story is retiring Ways and Means Committee chairman Bill Archer, who relentlessly demanded pro-growth tax cuts: a 10 percent cut in the top rate of the capital-gains tax, a gradual phaseout of both the estate tax and the alternative minimum tax, and a one-point cut in income-tax rates (which is at least a modest move in the right direction). The bill would permit taxpayers to deduct a greater share of their private education and health-care expenditures, which would spur more choice and innovation in these cartelized markets. The bill also smartly expands IRA contribution limits from $2,000 to $5,000 a



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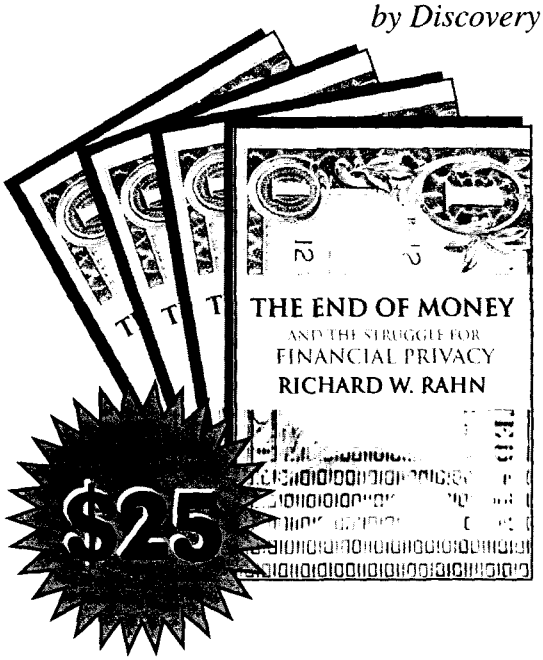


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year, at the insistence of Senate Finance Committee chairman Bill Roth.

Particularly admirable is the bill's refusal to genuflect to the idol of "tax fairness" that has reigned over fiscal policy for over a decade. The tax cut is, instead, actually fair. It eliminates or reduces the most unfair taxes in the code, such as the marriage penalty and the double-taxing capital-gains tax. It cuts Americans' taxes in roughly the proportion that they bear the tax burden. No, poor people don't get an income-tax cut in this bill. But then, poor people don't pay federal income tax.

What about the charge of "fiscal recklessness"? Nebraska Democrat Bob Kerrey supplied an inarguable answer: "To suggest we can't afford to cut income taxes when we are running a $3 trillion surplus is ludicrous." Over the next three years, the bill would cut the people's taxes by less than 1 percent. Spending on domestic programs, besides entitlements, would rise by $10 billion a year, as it is scheduled to do now. The small size of the tax cut renders absurd the argument that it would "overstimulate" the economy, whatever that means.

In fact, conservatives might reasonably complain that the bill is too small. But it is, as Democrats have said, a political document; and its passage is a major victory for the GOP and for the cause of reduced and sensible taxation. With this party-line vote, Republicans have once again laid claim to being the tax-cutting party. Media liberals suppose this is risky, but canny Democrats know that it's riskier for them to define themselves as the party that opposes tax cuts. Clinton and Gore claim that they want a tax cut—just a smaller one. Republicans should press on. And if Clinton vetoes this tax cut, as promised, they should just send him another.

**POLITICS**

# Woman of the Year

HILLARY CLINTON made her fifth listening tour of New York state, as she edges towards formally declaring her Senate candidacy, even as *Talk* magazine carried an interview with the First Lady which raised questions, not so much about her marriage as about her credibility and character.

"The Intimate Hillary," by Lucinda Franks, is a compound of fibs, reversals, and revenge. If anyone believes that while "cutting Bill's grapefruit this morning" she and he "had the best idea we ever had about day care," they are invited to bid for the Brooklyn Bridge. In describing her marital situation, Mrs. Clinton consistently puts herself and her husband in each other's shoes. "Bill has been subjected to so much abuse," she mourned, not only from his squabbling mother and grandmother when he was four, but from the media (formerly known as the "vast right-wing conspiracy") during the impeachment crisis. Would an unbiased observer concentrate on Bill Clinton as the abused party in last year's events? Alongside such fatuity, there lies—as always in masochists—a vein of contempt for the wrongdoer, and a desire for revenge. "He has been working on himself very hard in the last year," Mrs. Clinton said of her husband. (An excellent argument for fidelity is that it spares one from such icy praise.) Franks herself identifies the Senate race as Hillary's way of improving the balance of power in her marriage. New York always had a high proportion of shrinks; now the state itself is cast in the role of affirming therapist.

Will the psychodrama translate into votes? A Zogby poll released in the wake of the *Talk* piece found that Mrs. Clinton had pulled even with Mayor Giuliani, though that might have been a response to earlier events, including Giuliani's own amateurish efforts to paint her as a carpetbagger. Could Hillary's sufferings have boosted her to iconic celebrity status, as adultery, bulimia, and early death boosted Princess Di, and as their own tragic or grotesque exits helped boost Marilyn Monroe and Elvis Presley? Is such status transferable to politics? The Kennedy mystique marches down the decades, as the mourning for John Kennedy Jr. showed. Yet he himself had forsworn politics, while his cousins have had only middling success at it (a couple of congressmen, a lieutenant governor).

Does Mrs. Clinton deserve the votes of New Yorkers? Her campaign swings through upstate and the outer boroughs show her to be cool and controlled, but her thoughts, as vouchsafed in a puff piece, show disturbing shortcomings. "I want to be judged on my own merits," she told Franks. "Now for the first time I am making my own decisions. I can feel the difference. It's a great relief." *For the first time*—this from a 51-year-old woman who tried to remold the nation's health-care system, cast herself as an advocate for children, and practiced law. A middle-aged woman who feels she is making her own decisions for the first time because of a maiden political race is far from ready for office.

**CULTURE WATCH**

# Forever Woodstock

SO Woodstock '99 came off rather . . . badly. Riotous patrons toppled sound towers, used candles handed out by a group called Pax to set bonfires of litter, jumped naked through the flames, and staged impromptu stripteases and orgies, sometimes egged on by leering state troopers. The promoters were evidently uninterested in maintaining order, and the police took an hour and a half to move in.

Feminist rock critics, reacting to the general rut, which included several alleged rapes, wondered how the rock scene could have ratcheted backwards. After a wave of women rock stars, appropriating male poses and attitudes and encouraging a generation of supposedly more self-assertive fans, here were girls, back in the role of objects.

Ladies, ladies, please. If rock is about anything, it is about lust and indiscipline. When you simultaneously play to the hormones and remove restraints, bacchanalia will ensue—and until young men and women exchange size and muscle mass, women had better watch out. A few passing fads will not ameliorate the blunt calculus of nature, once everything has been reduced to it.



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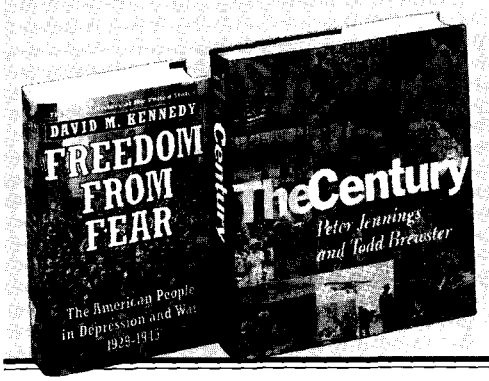
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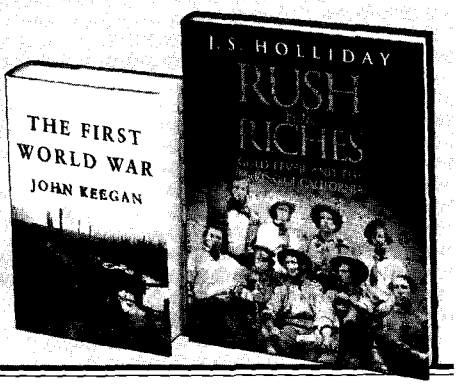


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#053

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The most interesting thing about the debacle was the surprise it caused. In Sixties mythology, reinforced by decades of nostalgia, Woodstock marked another summer of love; the Postal Service even plans to commemorate it with a stamp. Not until the Altamont festival in 1970, when the Hell's Angels killed a boisterous fan while the Rolling Stones played on, did the force show its dark side. This was nonsense. Woodstock was marked by squalor, dehydration, and overdoses of drugs (and spurious drugs, sold by crooked dealers). The grim scene was glossed over, not just by the teenage baby boomers who attended, but by their elders. The media played up the luscious hippie chicks, not the filth.

In the high days of the Sixties, nakedness was a symbol of authenticity. Even as we shucked our clothes, we would show our true feelings and our real selves. But wisely chosen roles, performances, and routines—what Burke called "the decent drapery of life"—are the means by which we develop any character worth having. The only virtue of Woodstock '99 is in showing how harmful the spirit of Woodstock '69 always was.

## ■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: In your "Notes & Asides" in the June 14 issue I see a reference to the "Queen of England." You must surely be aware that there is no such personage; the last queen of England was Elizabeth I, who died in 1603.

My editorial eye also detects a minor grammatical mistake ["Questioning who?"].

As a new subscriber, let me report that I am enjoying NATIONAL REVIEW.

Yours sincerely,
Jackson L. Durkee
Bethlehem, Pa.

Dear Mr. Durkee: Come on now, who would be confused? We know she's also Queen of Scotland and Wales and all that other stuff, but who's going to wonder?

In re "Questioning who?" I admit you cordially to the fifth generation of readers (one generation, ten years) to whom (not to who) I have divulged that I belong to that grammatical movement that eschews the objective pronoun except when after a preposition.

Herewith, on the subject, the golden voice of the *AHD*: "In speech and informal writing *who* tends to predominate over *whom*; a sentence such as *Who did John say he was going to support?* will be regarded as quite natural, if strictly incorrect. By contrast, the use of *whom* where *who* would be required, as in *Whom shall I say is calling?* may be thought to betray a certain linguistic insecurity."

Delighted you (telegraphic form of you're) enjoying NR.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: As an Illinois resident, I had hoped that Mrs. Hillary Rodham Clinton would return to her home state in a bid for the U.S. Senate.

I will now be denied the distinct and utter pleasure of casting my vote against her, a truly gratifying experience enjoyed twice before when voting against her husband.

Sincerely,
James E. McNally
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. McNally: Sorry about that. We'll think of you on Election Day.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: There has been a question bothering me for a few years, and since I do not have a senator in New York who would give me a straight answer, I have turned to you.

Since the White House belongs to the citizens of this country, doesn't all the money obtained by renting out the Lincoln Bedroom and turning it into a bed-and-breakfast belong to the taxpayers?

Concerned Taxpayer,
Helen P. Wood
W. Hempstead, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Wood: I see your point, but the private quarters of the White House are thought to be at the disposition of the tenants. I don't think they would be able to give the Democratic Party the rent of the East Room, though the good Lord knows, this one would probably get away with it.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I am disturbed and confused by the editorial "Pedophilia Chic." It reports that the American Psychological Association published a paper that states, "willing encounters" between adults and children should "be labeled 'adult-child sex,' a value-neutral term."

Although my knowledge of the APA is limited to what I read in the press, my recollection is that they have always been against incest, which should never rise to the level of "value-neutral."

Following this logic, a pedophile should make certain that the child he molests is his neighbor's and not his own.

Sincerely,
Harold E. Driscoll
Lakewood, N.J.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Something just dawned on me about the Monica Lewinsky scandal: How can we believe the Starr report? Didn't Hillary ban the use of all tobacco products in the White House long before Monica appeared on the scene?

Sincerely,
Joseph B. Matarazzo
Tobyhanna, Pa.

Dear Mr. Matarazzo: You just can't keep people from smoking, I've always maintained.

Cordially,

—WFB



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■ POLITICS ■

# Hillary's Meltdown

## Or, The Death of a Legend

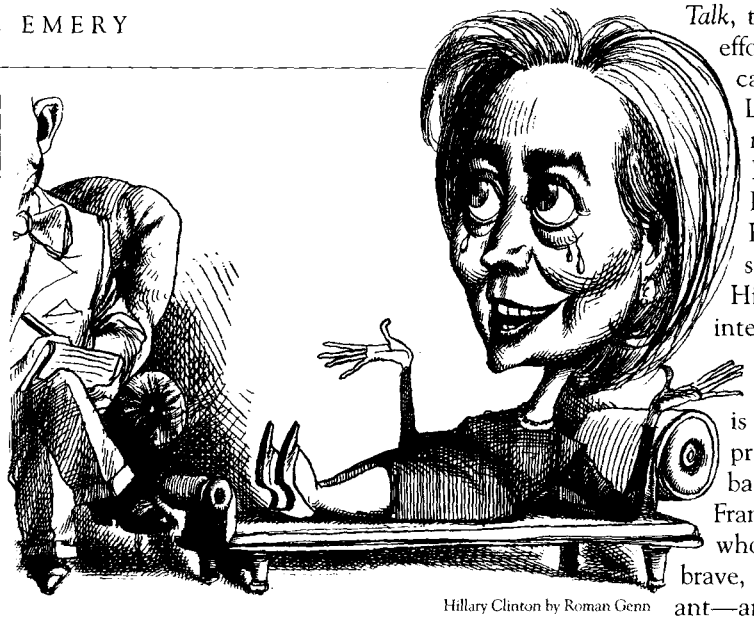
NOEMIE EMERY

THAT odd sound you hear is a legend imploding; the short, saintly stardom of Hillary Clinton, as it sputters to a halt. As legends go, it had a brief heyday, but while it lived, it was strong—strong enough to spawn a large cult, magazine stories, and what now seems a faltering preliminary Senate run.

The legend began on January 27, 1998, when she stepped into the impeachment breach to defend her cowering husband as the victim of a right-wing conspiracy. It grew through the spring and the summer as feminists somersaulted to defend the First Couple, and traditional women, normally cool to the lady, backed her for backing her man. Her numbers rose, but this was mere approval. Deification began in mid August, in the week before the startling Gap-dress confession, when stories ran (or were planted) in the heavyweight press praising her for her dignity (as compared to whom?) under stress. Then came the August 17 confession. As the wife of an accused seducer of interns, Mrs. Clinton had seen her numbers steadily mount. As the wife of a confessed lout and liar, she now saw them soar.

A halo started to surround her bleached hair—or was it merely the glow of static electricity, generated by the tension she doubtless was feeling? When would she hit him? When would she leave him? Whatever went on in her head? The Susan Lucci of politics, she was a crisis in progress, generating drama all over the landscape. Everyone found something to feel with and for her: Men approved—their own wives should be this forgiving. Women felt she now had come down to their level. Humbled, she started to glow in her victimhood. She was finally one of the girls.

Noemie Emery is a writer living in Alexandria, Va.



Hillary Clinton by Roman Genn

Empowered by stress, she hit the campaign trail, charging it with her manic dysfunction. If you still liked Bill Clinton, then she was his surrogate. If you loathed Clinton, but were still a Democrat, you could stay on board by supporting his victim—his wife. (Was she his partner or victim? Nobody knew.) She glowed on the cover of *Vogue*, looking regal. "Hillary's Splendid Season," said *Newsweek*. "The Better Half," added *Time*. Jesse Jackson would take it to Biblical levels, saying, "Hillary, you've walked through rain, and you're not wet; you've walked through fire, and there is not a singe on your clothing . . . You have walked through fire, and don't have the smoke on your clothes."

Why then, barely a year after Gapgate, is Hillary either down or barely breaking even in the polls? First, a funny thing happened after impeachment was over: Public feelings began to turn around. Contempt of court here, a rape charge there, and a delayed-action fuse began to burn against Democrats, especially those most closely linked to our Bill. Tied with George W. Bush through most of the winter, Al Gore sank like a stone in the springtime, his biggest drag being his ties to Bill Clinton. The same happened to Hillary, whose numbers had peaked while she was still being urged to make a gift of herself to the nation. Since then, those numbers have dropped, in New York and the nation. Her much-publicized launch has done nothing to help her. And then there was the new magazine.

*Talk*, the Tina Brown effort, has certainly caused it, and in Lucinda Franks, married to a Democratic D.A. who is Rudy Giuliani's sworn enemy, Hillary had an interviewer after her own heart. Which, after all, is the nub of the problem: Reality barely intrudes. Franks sees a Hillary who is humble, brave, noble, and radiant—and also a genuine beauty. She agrees with Hillary that impeachment occurred only because "they" had been "jealous." Adultery is mentioned, not harassment or battery. Monica is mentioned; never Kathleen. Franks is a journalist who thinks it an invasion of privacy to ask a woman now running for high public office to address the fact that her husband—also a fairly high officeholder—has been accused of different degrees of assault by various women. The name "Juanita Broaddrick" comes up only once, and then in the context of making Mrs. Clinton unhappy—something it was very wrong of Mrs. Broaddrick to do.

Franks is a woman who can let Hillary say, "People are mean . . . we sort of strip away everybody's sense of dignity and privacy," without either laughing or bringing up the names of the many women who have been slandered and trashed by Bill Clinton's minions, possibly with Mrs. Clinton's approval. Mrs. Clinton herself is a woman who thinks that she and her husband have brought nothing but good to this country. She is a woman who thinks that the worst thing that Bill Clinton has ever done in his life is to break the vows of his marriage and



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bring pain to *her*. This is a woman who can compare herself to Jesus Christ without even blinking. Worst, this is a woman who cannot seem to realize how incredible all of this sounds.

Her interview is being likened to the one Ted Kennedy gave to his friend Roger Mudd in 1979, which crippled a presidential challenge that had once seemed as glory-bound as Mrs. Clinton's Senate run appeared to be. This, and the latest Kennedy mourning, reminds us of what else these two have in common: Hillary is much less like Robert F. Kennedy, the man whose seat she seems to be seeking, than she is like his last brother, Ted. Bobby Kennedy and Jack were men of inherent political interest. Ted and Hillary, on the other hand, take what charisma they have from their family dramas and are really quite commonplace pols. JFK and RFK were originals, who tweaked party dogma. Ted embodies it, as does Hillary. JFK and RFK were national figures, who ran well in races throughout the country, appealing to different electorates. Ted does not travel well outside Massachusetts, and reaches no one beyond his own base. He—and Mrs. Clinton—get rousing cheers when they reinforce pre-conceived notions. JFK and RFK could get skeptics involved in their personal causes, a different, and much higher, level of leadership.

Chappaquiddick aside, Ted Kennedy lost his primary fight against a president as weak as Jimmy Carter largely because of failed expectations: Voters looked for a galvanizing "Kennedy" figure and found only a conventional liberal. He was interesting merely as the last of four brothers, and as a man who walked a fine line between public hard work and private debauchery. The Hillary Clinton legend exists only in the context of a marriage in crisis, and of an impeachment process that walked a fine line between public and private misdeeds. Put this aside, and there is only a pedantic and tedious woman whose public speech seems to have only two levels—partisan tirades that demonize others, and vapid, boring clichés. She has proven herself, unlike Ted Kennedy, capable of stunning political errors. Hillary the wronged wife may indeed walk through fire. But she can still shoot herself in the foot. **NR**

**■ PUBLIC POLICY ■**

# Tax and Spin

## A think tank and its "genius."

RAMESH PONNURU

"He really is incredibly influential," says Stephen Moore of the Cato Institute (and NR). "I would say he's one of the top five liberals in America." Moore isn't talking about Ted Turner or Barney Frank. He's talking about a man familiar only to the most strung-out of political junkies: Robert Greenstein, head of the Center for Budget and Policy Priorities. Moore adds, "I've been in meetings with Democratic congressmen where they say, 'What would Greenstein say?'" about some proposal.

Greenstein, director of the food-stamp program under President Carter and winner of a MacArthur Foundation "genius" award, is an unlikely power-broker. His think tank is known for publishing up-to-the-minute, thorough analyses of proposed budget cuts and welfare changes and their effects on poor people. Robert Borosage, co-director of the (left-wing) Campaign for America's Future, explains: "They are more in the policy debate than academic organizations, and they are more academic than political organizations, so their analysis has a repute and a weight that is not normally achieved by political organizations, and at the same time they turn out reports at the pace of the political debate."

In a capital where spuriously precise predictions are regularly used as political weapons, numbers provide authority. In a government as large and unwieldy as ours, so does an understanding of policy minutiæ. Even Greenstein's adversaries respect his command of those. Conservative welfare expert Robert Rector, who has sparred with him over the years, points out that Greenstein's forte is to win some obscure policy change that, while others nod, raises welfare benefits and gets more people on the rolls. P. J. O'Rourke calls it the "tyranny of boredom": The last one left awake gets to spend all the money.

The trouble is that all of those minutiæ don't add up to wisdom. The Center, along with Marian Wright Edelman's Children's Defense Fund, may have brought statistical rigor to the welfare debate. (Mrs. Edelman sits on the Center's board.) But those statistics were deployed in a reactionary defense of a welfare system that was ever more clearly failing. With little to say about the collapse of marriage in the inner city, both outfits became marginalized as paleoliberals. They couldn't see the forest fire for the trees.

Their position having become untenable, President Clinton abandoned it by signing welfare reform. There were a few ineffectual resignations in protest from his administration: Mrs. Edelman's husband, Peter, left; Wendell Primus, who had cranked out studies from the Health and Human Services Department predicting that reform would push a million children into poverty, went to—the Center for Budget and Policy Priorities.

Greenstein denies that he is a knee-jerk liberal, noting that he favors paying down the federal debt over new spending and also favors some entitlement reforms. "This is not the typical view among liberal nonprofits in Washington," he says with a quiet chuckle. But this just shows he's a liberal who's smart enough to see that the growing entitlements might squeeze his cherished antipoverty programs out of the budget. And while Greenstein says that he could be for tax cuts in the right circumstances, somehow those circumstances never line up.

The Center objects to the proposed Republican tax cuts, he says, because of their cost and, secondarily, their unfairness. Its ally in this fight, Citizens for Tax Justice, focuses more narrowly on the latter issue. It also dispenses with the Center's sober just-the-facts approach in favor of sarcastic partisan digs and brazen statistical sleight of hand. The Center is, nonetheless, perfectly willing to cite the other group's "research" and relies on its economic models to show that Republican bills favor the rich. Republicans detest this argument, which they call "class warfare," but the press laps it up. David Rosenbaum reported in the *New York Times* that "Citizens for Tax Justice, an organization



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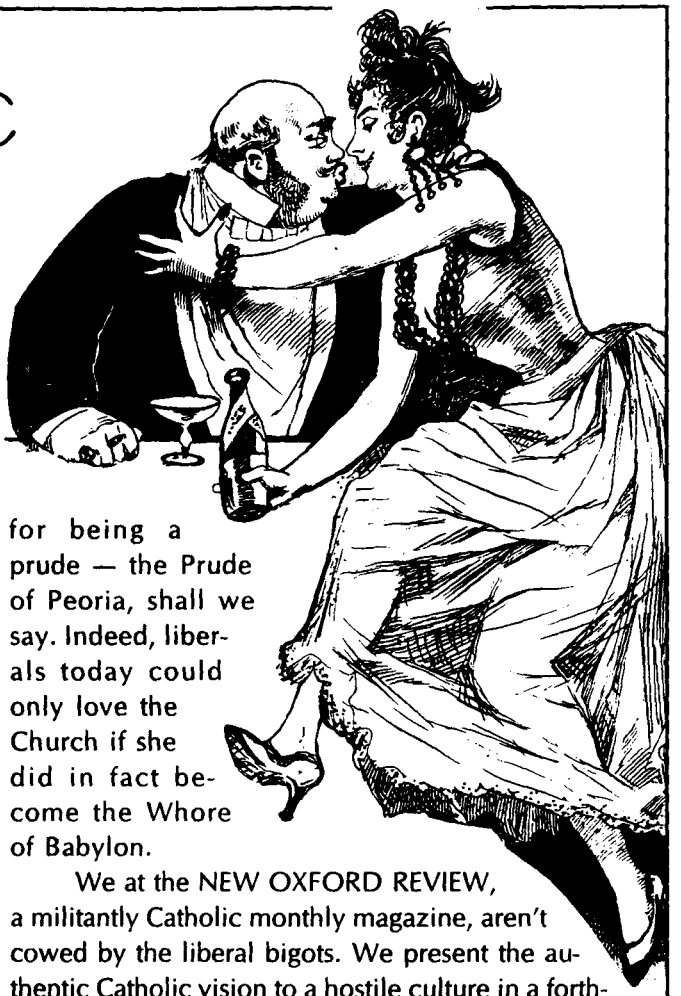
# Is the Catholic Church the Whore of Babylon, or...



Liberalism is supposed to be synonymous with open-mindedness, yet most liberals continue to be deeply bigoted against Catholicism. According to Bill Donohue, whose Catholic League vanquished Disney's Catholic-trashing TV show *Nothing Sacred*, anti-Catholicism is "the last respectable bias." Liberal opinion has long regarded the Catholic Church as something like the Whore of Babylon. But nowadays liberals feel compassion for whores, would love to see prostitution legalized and whores unionized from sea to shining sea, with the Department of Health and Human Services running the whorehouses.

So there's a little problem: How can liberals continue to hate the Church when they themselves embrace whoredom — indeed, would love to make every woman a whore?

Consider the rest of the liberal utopia: raunchy sex ed, titillating TV shows and movies, free condoms for every teenager, free abortions in case the condoms fail, full rights and benefits for shack-ups, same-sex "marriage" (helps devalue the currency of real marriage, you know), and adultery a matter of privacy not character. So yes, the liberal vision is: Every gal a slut.

So it won't do to lambaste the Church for being a whore. Therefore the Church is now castigated for being a prude — the Prude of Peoria, shall we say. Indeed, liberals today could only love the Church if she did in fact become the Whore of Babylon.

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sponsored by labor unions that usually makes reliable calculations, figured that nearly half of the tax reduction from the rate cuts alone would go to the wealthiest 10 percent of taxpayers, those with incomes above $89,000."

But there are so many contested assumptions, reasonable disagreements, and uncertainties that "reliable" is almost meaningless in this context. In addition, both Citizens for Tax Justice and the Center for Budget and Policy Priorities stack the deck against tax cuts. Here are a few of the ways they do it:

1) *Treat single people as "families."* The poorer the middle class looks, the more Republican tax cuts will seem to favor the rich. So in its analysis of the Senate tax bill, the Center lowballs its benefits to a middle-class family of four by claiming that the median family income is $37,000—when that's actually the median *household* income, a measure that includes single people. The median income for families is $45,000 and for two-income families, $52,000.

2) *Adopt a definition of "fairness" that no tax cut can pass.* One might think it's fair to cut everyone's tax payments by the same percentage, leaving the distribution of the tax burden unchanged. If "the rich" pay a quarter of all taxes, they would get a quarter of the tax cut. But the Center thinks it unfair if upper-income households get a larger share of a tax cut than low-income ones, even if it's only because they pay a larger proportion of taxes. And upper-income households will always pay a disproportionately large share of taxes, both because they pay higher rates and because, well, they have more money.

3) *Demand fairness today.* Students and other young adults tend to make less than people at the peak of their careers. As a result, inequality at any moment will look worse than inequality measured over a lifetime. Instead of using models that measure the effect of tax cuts over a lifetime, both the Center and Citizens for Tax Justice consider only today—demanding, in effect, that the 45-year-old and the 20-year-old be treated as equivalent. It's like looking at a snapshot of a race where the runners had different starting times.

4) *But take a really long view of costs.* The Center is fretting that the Republicans' tax cut will cost $2.6 trillion from 2010 through 2019. But who knows what revenues will be then, when even forecasts for next year haven't been very accurate? Did anyone predict today's budget numbers in 1980? And why stop at 2019? The tax cut will cost $350 trillion through the next century, sending interest rates sky high in 2043.

5) *Treat spending as a force of nature.* Greenstein argues that the tax cut is irresponsible because Congress won't restrain spending. But the reason Congress is tempted to spend so much in the first place is that taxes are bringing in so much surplus revenue.

6) *Judge tax cuts as though they were a government program.* Here we come to the ideological heart of the matter: Whose money is it? The criteria the Center uses to evaluate tax cuts—how much they "cost," how they're "distributed," whether they "should take precedence over other needs"—assume that the government has first claim to the money and that tax cuts are a benefit it may or may not choose to give out. Presumably taxpayers should be grateful for whatever income they're allowed to keep. These are not, of course, the economic principles of a free society.

7) *Ignore any effect tax cuts have on behavior.* Tax cuts don't just put money in people's pockets; they change incentives. The statistics that groups like the Center brandish don't take account of how people respond to incentives and the effects of those responses. Tax cuts might raise the income of poor people by increasing economic growth, but that benefit would never make it into a Center chart.

To complain, as conservatives do, that the "static models" of liberals ignore the "dynamic effects" of tax cuts is to understate the philosophical issue. A method that assumes people are passive and inert denies human agency and the possibilities of freedom. It's also empirically wrong. Liberals sometimes say that these effects are hard to estimate, but that's no reason to assume they don't exist.

In making these seven assumptions, Greenstein's Center is neither duplicitous nor even obviously incorrect (a concession the Center does not make to conservatives). And with a budget for next year of $6.3 million, much of it from liberal foundations, the Center can keep doing this sort of thing for a good long while. But it is, in its understated way, as fanatical and dogmatic on taxes as on welfare, and the press ought not to treat its numbers as authoritative.

Liberals, meanwhile, might well reconsider whether die-hard opposition to tax cuts really serves their interests. There's a reason that President Clinton and Al Gore are careful not to close the door on tax cuts, and that leading Democrats like Bob Torricelli have cosponsored tax cuts with Republicans. By letting paleoliberals blind them to the failure of the welfare system, liberals handicapped themselves for years. Do they really want to be left behind, again, in Dow Jones America? **NR**

■ **PUBLIC POLICY II** ■

# Ponzi Party

## Immigration and an old con.

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

CHARLES PONZI almost never turns up on the *Wall Street Journal*'s list of distinguished immigrants, but in his way he was a financial genius and he continues to influence political economy. In 1920 he collected $9.5 million from about 10,000 optimistic investors by selling promissory notes paying 50 percent profit in 45 days. Ponzi was an Italian immigrant with a criminal record in both Canada and the U.S., but any disquiet this may have caused was quickly quenched when he paid early investors the promised amount. Sadly, these payments were made not from the vastly profitable investments of which Ponzi boasted, but from the contributions of later investors. Ponzi saw that as long as new suckers came forward in sufficient numbers to finance the generous dividends to earlier investors, the scheme named after him could hum along very nicely. Eventually, of course, it ran out of investors—and Ponzi was eventually nabbed. But that took some time, and meanwhile, "Waiter, more champagne."

In the past Ponzi was not generally



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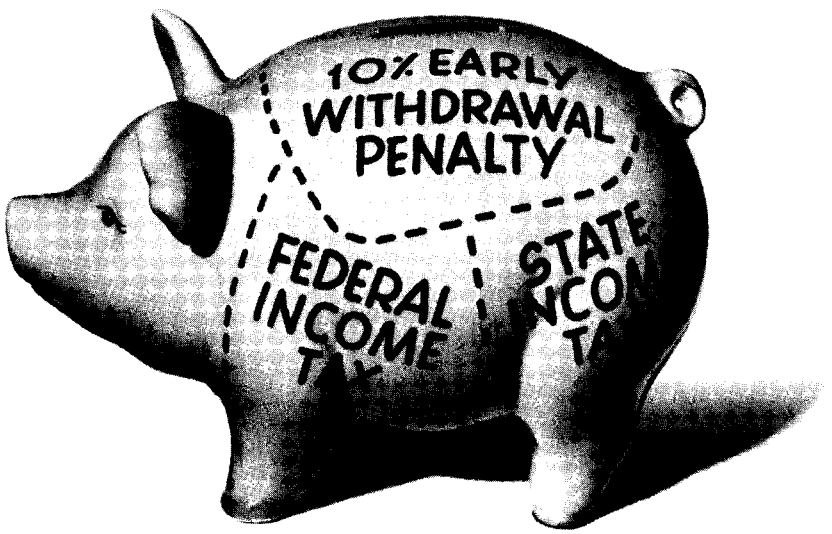


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regarded as an attractive role model by Republicans or conservatives. They were devotees of the depressing "root canal" school of economics and raised such pessimistic points as, "What's the bottom line?" But a new optimistic economics has gripped the Right in recent years, and as a result Charles Ponzi and his economic theory are back in fashion.

His principal insight is usually applied to entitlement programs, in particular Social Security, for the very good reason that Social Security *is* a Ponzi scheme. Benefits are financed not from the invested contributions of current recipients—they have already been handed on to past recipients—but from the contributions of current workers. Sadly, however, as the baby boomers head for retirement age, the number of workers is declining in relation to the number of recipients. In other words, the Ponzi scheme is running out of people.

That strikes some conservatives as a one-time opportunity to reform Social Security in line with a more conventional investment strategy. Others, however, prefer what would be Ponzi's own solution—namely, to recruit more contributors. Thus a 1996 *Wall Street Journal* editorial proposed the following:

"Widening the number of young immigrants paying into the Social Security system may be the only way to diminish the demographic crisis expected when the Baby Boomers retire."

The *Journal*'s editors failed to cite Mr. Ponzi as the godfather of this proposal, but the columnist Ben Wattenberg, writing in the *New York Times*, gave credit where credit was due. Was the idea of saving Social Security by bringing in more immigrants, he asked, a Ponzi scheme? Yes indeed, and what of it? "Life is a Ponzi scheme. Parents pay for their children. When they reach old age, they are most likely supported by those children, either directly or indirectly through Government benefits. And so it goes, through the generations." And since we are not having enough children of our own, the children of foreigners will have to bail us out.

Or, to paraphrase—"Waiter, more champagne." This Ponzi rescue of Social Security fails even on its own terms, for the additional contributors become additional recipients in short order. As Peter Brimelow points out in *Alien Nation*, the median age of new immigrants is 30, and they become eligible for benefits within 20 years. So, still more immigrants must then be brought in to finance the payments to the previous ones. A few years ago, the National Center for Policy Analysis calculated that if existing Social Security contributions and benefits were to be kept steady, then the U.S. workforce would have to double through immigration over the next three decades. A quick back-of-the-envelope calculation suggests further that America would need to import the entire world population (about 6 billion people) over the next 160 years in order to keep saving Social Security. This Ponzi-scheme-to-end-all-Ponzi-schemes would then definitively run out of people—human beings, anyway—and require extra-terrestrial immigrants to stay in business.

This Pyramid of Babel, however, is a model of logical prudence in comparison with the perverse Ponzi scheme that is the GOP's current electoral strategy on immigration. Because minorities—and in particular Hispanics—are thought to favor immigration, bilingualism, affirmative action, etc., Republicans have determined to downplay or even reverse their policies on all of these. Among these reversals, the GOP now favors raising levels—and expanding categories—of legal immigration on the calculation that the party will thereby gain a larger share of a growing electoral constituency.

Such a calculation is open to attack on innumerable grounds—notably on the grounds that, according to the evidence of polls, the Hispanic minority that actually votes Republican today favors less immigration, official English, and individual rights. Here, however, let me confine myself to mathematical objections to its logic.

1. National figures show that support for the GOP fluctuates between one quarter and one third of the total Hispanic vote—rising or falling in line with the electorate as a whole. Regional, state, and national variations there are, of course. Broadly speaking, Cuban-Americans are more Republican, Mexican-Americans and Puerto Ricans more Democratic. But no statistics show that a majority of Hispanic voters either supports or identifies with the Republicans. Cuban-Americans are shrinking as a proportion of the Hispanic total. And even Republicans who make a special pitch for the Hispanic vote rarely rise above 50 percent. Despite all the hoopla, for instance, George W. Bush gained just over 40 percent of Hispanics in his second Texas gubernatorial election. That's a landslide—but in reverse.

2. Immigration further strengthens this strong Democratic tendency of Hispanic voters. To be sure, individual Hispanics are likely to move rightwards politically the longer they remain in the U.S. as they become more prosperous and assimilate to the American majority. But this effect is canceled out, and even reversed, mathematically by the arrival of new immigrants who are poor, culturally unassimilated, and on both grounds amenable to Democratic appeals. Hence the proportion of Hispanics who vote Democratic, instead of falling gradually, has risen slightly but erratically.

3. Finally, immigration also swells Democratic voting blocs as a percentage of the total electorate. The Census Bureau projects, for instance, that the Hispanic share of the population will rise from about 11 percent today to over 20 percent by 2050. Edwin Rubenstein and Peter Brimelow pointed out in these pages what these changing demographics would mean electorally—namely the disappearance of a natural Republican majority by about 2008. America will then tip permanently, if gradually, into the Democrat column as California has probably done already.

In short, winning elections by importing voters via immigration policy is perhaps the only workable application of Ponzi's logic—but it works for Democrats, not Republicans. The Democrats plainly know this since they have been standing at docksides and airports with citizenship applications, voter registration forms, and warm smiles. Republicans will gain very little by smiling warmly too. As long as present immigration levels stay in place, they will always be running up the down escalator.

Of course, in the end Ponzi's inexorable logic will come to their aid and the Democrats will run out of immigrant voters. That should be—oh, see the calculation on Social Security above—in about A.D. 2159.

Or, as George W. would probably put it, "mañana." **NR**



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■ CAMPAIGN 2000 ■

# The Longest Shot

## An activist runs for president.

JONAH GOLDBERG

GARY BAUER tells the story of the first time he presented a major argument to Ronald Reagan as a White House aide. "Mr. President, the polls say . . .," Bauer began. "Don't ever tell me what the polls say!" Reagan interrupted. "Tell me if it's good or bad for America." Bauer recounts this story as if it represented the laying of hands upon the anointed successor: "When I'm president, I will never rely on the polls to tell me what to do."

The question is—since it's certainly not the polls—What makes this former Reagan advisor think he can run for president? Bauer responds the way a bemused professor might talk to a curious student who asks an obvious question after class: "If you look at the race so far, it's the congressmen and senators who are dropping out." Rep. John Kasich has just abandoned his stillborn campaign, and Sen. Bob Smith has just bolted from the GOP. "Dan Quayle hasn't made his payroll in two months," Bauer continues, visually confirming that his statement gets written down. (The Quayle campaign denies the charge.)

"The real question," Bauer maintains, "is, Why isn't the political system producing people who make people's hearts beat faster?" And it's a good question. But judging from his "Advancing America's Values Tour" of Iowa, Bauer himself isn't the answer. He typically gets respectful, pleasant, friendly crowds, of a dozen to a few dozen people, most of them very old, or young moms with home-schooled kids, or young couples with even more kids. After a respectable crowd in Dubuque of roughly 50, Bauer's charming 12-year-old, Zach, declares, "Dad, that's probably your biggest crowd!"

Still Bauer is trying his hardest to get hearts beating faster. In Waterloo, Bauer volunteers to join dozens of locals piling sandbags to help fight the recent floods. The humidity and heat and stench from the floods make it feel as if a giant dog were breathing down on the entire crew. Most of the men are wearing as little as possible, but not the Bauer team—they all have their campaign T-shirts on. Bauer himself stays in dress clothes. He has turned into a sprinkler system of perspiration, but he still leaves the scene only when the sand is all gone, to go speak at a church and then sign books at a Christian bookstore.

Whenever the Bauer 2000 bus—a vehicle that has seen better days—pulls into a stop, an aide pops some martial music into the stereo and pumps it out the speakers. Considering Bauer's unimposing presence, it's the equivalent of playing *Swan Lake* when Mike Tyson enters the ring.

Bauer knows he doesn't physically dominate a room or a crowd. Standing in front of a soapbox that his staff would rather he stood on to speak, he jokes that maybe he should call himself Gary "The Body" Bauer. While he stumps in Vinton (population: small enough to list everybody by name on a road sign), a young boy gives him a stalk of corn as a gift. Bauer proudly stands with it for pictures, even though it is easily three or four feet taller than he. If the cameraman doesn't get far enough back, he can easily make Bauer look like Jack standing next to the beanstalk.

Gary Bauer by Roman Genn

At five foot six, with small features and very blue eyes, he looks like he could be a Dead End Kid made good. And in a sense he is. Bauer grew up in a notorious mobster town, Newport, Kentucky, which is now little more than a suburb of Cincinnati. When he was young, prostitution and gambling were widespread, and the police were owned by the local crime syndicate. His father was an abusive alcoholic. Bauer's grandmother, a devout Baptist, took the young Gary under her wing after his uncle was killed by the mob. She had him baptized at age 12. He then set about trying to bring his own parents into the Church and eventually succeeded. He became involved in politics at an early age by fighting to oust gambling and, by extension, the mob from Newport. (Bauer is still adamantly opposed to legalized gambling, and he is collecting support from the growing anti-gambling movement in Iowa.)

Despite his strong religious convictions (every day begins with a group prayer on the campaign bus), Bauer doesn't beat people over the head with his faith—at least not as much as one might expect. Instead he describes himself as a "Reagan conservative." He invokes the Gipper so much, it's as if he's competing in a contest for who can use his name in as many different sentences as possible.

When it comes to policy, Bauer's two biggest themes are overturning *Roe* v. *Wade* and taking a hard line on China. His defense of a litmus test on abortion for Supreme Court justices goes over well with his crowds, and he states it compellingly: "I'm only going to have two rules for my nominees. First, they can't be bigots—I'm a Republican, which is the party of Lincoln. Second, they have to respect human life."

For someone determined to distin-

Mr. Goldberg writes a daily column, The Goldberg File, for NATIONAL REVIEW's website, found at www.nationalreview.com.



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guish himself from Pat Buchanan, however, Bauer is still prone to bouts of populism—which in Iowa means promising relief for struggling farmers. "We went to war in Yugoslavia—which I opposed—because the American media showed us the broken hearts of Kosovo," he says at every stop. "When are the media in New York and Washington going to turn their cameras on the heartbreak here in Iowa? When I am president, I will use the bully pulpit to get them to show the heartbreak here!"

But even if he never gets a chance to use the bully pulpit in Washington, he can always fall back on a real pulpit. The opening act for his appearance at Grace Brethren Church in Waterloo is the sort of group that strikes terror in secular liberals (and might even discomfit secular conservatives). On a stage drenched in American flags, Master's Voice—a singing troupe of seven young men and women in alternating red, white, and blue tennis shirts—begins with Neil Diamond's "Coming to America," which seems harmless enough (though it was Michael Dukakis's campaign anthem).

**In Iowa, Bauer sees his biggest problem as incredibly low name ID.**

But it didn't take long for Christian nationalism with a backbeat to kick in. The rest of the numbers start with a patriotic oration against a backdrop of martial music, then glide into lyrics with powerful Christian themes. The group's closing number is "I Pledge Allegiance to the Lamb." When he rises to introduce Bauer, the pastor says, "Hard to sit still, huh?" He doesn't know the half of it. I, for one, had already marked the exits.

But Bauer's talk is something else. He tells of how he had been practicing his presidential announcement speech when the Littleton massacre popped up on his muted television. He turned up the volume, and when he was done watching, he had to tear up his original speech.

Bauer's description of the "martyrdom" of Cassie Bernall, the girl who accepted death rather than renounce God, is moving. Several parishioners quietly weep. He himself looks like he might cry, and he tells an aide later that he has to be careful when talking about Littleton because he "came close to losing it." The speech has some rhetorical excess—"The politicians in Washington have lost God and released the hounds of Hell"—but never strays too far from the message: "Do you want a nation with more Cassie Bernalls or more Erics and Dylans [the names of the murderers]?"

In Iowa and elsewhere, Bauer's biggest problem, as he sees it, is that he has incredibly low name ID, still in the 20 percent range. But his biggest asset may be that of all the candidates running for president—Democrat and Republican, including Elizabeth Dole—Bauer has the highest proportion of women donors. Bauer loves telling people how a journalist said to him, "How can this be? You're pro-life!" He replied, "Well, most of the women I know love babies! And I love babies, too."

Yet there is the lingering problem: Bauer is just not presidential. For all his skills in the pulpit, he has an advisor's personality, mindset, and, let's face it, appearance. He is a smart, dedicated, and unflappable man, comfortable with arguing unpopular positions. If we could nominate a White House chief of staff, Bauer would deserve the nomination by acclamation. As for convincing people he could actually be president, that he has gravitas and experience beyond Washington wonkery . . . well, it seems like a losing battle.

At 8:00 A.M. in Davenport, when it is already 90 degrees, a senior Bauer aide stands in front of the campaign bus. A middle-aged man in soaked jogging clothes comes up and abruptly asks, "Did he serve his country?"

Startled for a split second, the aide responds, "Mr. Bauer has served his country in many ways, but . . ."

"No, I mean, did he wear a uniform? After Clinton, I don't want to take any chances."

"Well, he didn't serve in the military, but Mr. Bauer has dedicated his life to this country and protecting the family . . ."

"I see," the man says as he begins to jog away.

"Would you change your mind if he was 4-F?" the aide calls out, too late. **NR**

**■ THE CABINET ■**

# The Climber

## Bill Richardson's glorious career.

JOHN J. MILLER

JUST a minute or two into his Senate testimony on June 9, secretary of energy Bill Richardson began scolding members of the intelligence committee sitting before him. "This amendment would undermine my authority," he said of a plan to enhance weapons-lab security in the wake of the China spy revelations. "I understand that some modifications have been made to the amendment in the last day, which I think shows that the amendment was not carefully drafted."

That brash comment raised eyebrows throughout the room. The changes had actually been made at Richardson's own request. Republican senator Jon Kyl of Arizona shot back, "I'm really astonished at your testimony." Democratic senator Bob Kerrey of Nebraska also returned fire: "We're a nation of laws. You referred to [the Energy Department] as yours several times . . . You are the secretary of energy for the moment, and, you know, at some point *you're* not secretary of energy and *somebody else* is."

Richardson is surely thinking of that moment, when he's no longer secretary of energy. Ever since he came to Washington as a junior aide in Richard Nixon's State Department, he has been a climber, contemplating his next move. He launched his political career as a carpetbagger in New Mexico, and throughout his 14 years in the House he constantly pondered running for senator or governor. He took a series of much-publicized trips to negotiate hostage releases, in Iraq, Kashmir, North Korea, and elsewhere, often with success. In



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1996, President Clinton asked him to replace Madeleine Albright as ambassador to the United Nations. Last summer, Richardson moved again, this time to head the Department of Energy. Earlier this year, that became unexpectedly one of the most high-profile jobs in Washington.

Already there is speculation that Al Gore may tap Richardson to join the Democratic presidential ticket next year. The choice could make sense: Depending on how successfully Richardson handles the current spy scandal—early signs are mixed—he could inoculate Gore against what may be one of the GOP's most effective avenues of attack. He's also the most prominent Hispanic politician in the country at a time when Republicans appear eager to nominate George W. Bush, a Texan who polls surprisingly well among Hispanics, a vital Democratic constituency.

Actually, Richardson, a 51-year-old

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**Richardson was drafted by the Kansas City Athletics, but a bum elbow forced him to quit.**

■

who looks like John Belushi, is only half Hispanic. His late father was a Citibank executive from Boston working in Mexico City, his mother a well-to-do Mexican socialite. Richardson was born in Pasadena, Calif., but spent his early years south of the border. He later jetted off to an exclusive boarding school in Massachusetts and went to college at his father's alma mater, Tufts. (He was drafted by the Kansas City Athletics baseball team, but a bum elbow forced him to quit the sport.) After graduation, Richardson held several minor political jobs in Washington, but what he really wanted to do was run for office himself. Without a real hometown in the United States, however, he had nowhere to go. Or, to look at it another way, a lot of options.

He selected New Mexico, taking a position there with the state Democratic party in 1978. As a Spanish-speaker, he had a natural rapport with many of the state's voters. More important, New Mexico stood to gain an additional seat


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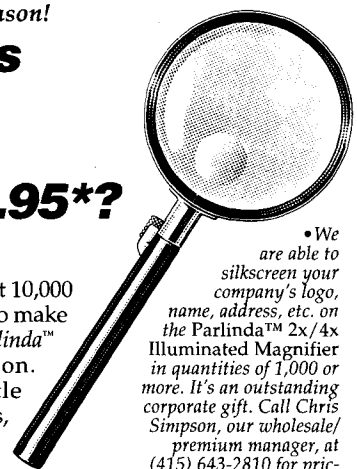

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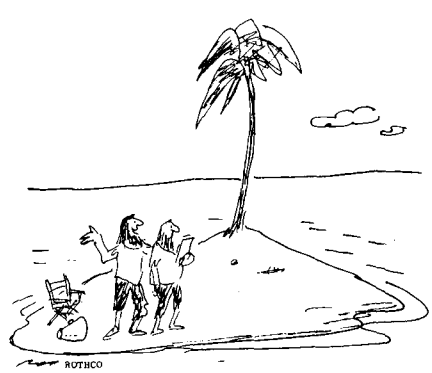
in Congress following the 1980 census. To make a name for himself, Richardson challenged Rep. Manuel Lujan (later interior secretary in the Bush administration) and displayed the remarkable energy that he is famous for even today. During the campaign, he set a goal of shaking 1,000 hands per day and wound up in the *Guinness Book of World Records* for gripping 8,551 of them in a single 24-hour period (the previous recordholder was Teddy Roosevelt). He lost to Lujan, but barely.

And he never stopped campaigning. By 1982, New Mexico had its third House seat, and Richardson was the favorite to win. That year, however, he faced his first serious ethical questions. His campaign literature claimed he had spent "three years working as Hubert Humphrey's top foreign affairs aide on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff." In reality, he had worked only two years for Humphrey, had served on a subcommittee rather than the full committee, and hadn't even headed the subcommittee staff. Richardson was forced to admit that his boasts were "incorrect." He also appeared to lack the financial resources to obtain a $100,000 campaign loan he signed for, generating complaints from Common Cause and a federal probe. It turned out that his mother, still living in Mexico City, had helped him secure a certificate of deposit—calling unwelcome attention to his privileged upbringing. He won anyway.

Once in Washington, Richardson earned a reputation for taunting or trying to intimidate his opponents, often in handwritten notes—a practice he keeps up today, according to recent recipients. Last April, he played the race card to fend off uncomfortable inquiries into the Chinese spy scandal, absurdly hinting that something akin to Japanese internment loomed on the horizon if "those who have questioned the patriotism of Asian-Pacific Americans" didn't hush up. He never pointed out who was doing the questioning. (Answer: No one.) And he had played the race card before. "I represent a minority within my own country, as you do," he told Sudanese warlord Kerubino Kwanyin Bol in 1996 on a trip to negotiate the release of three Red Cross workers. (He succeeded, by promising to deliver four jeeps, five tons of rice, several radios, and medical assistance to the hostage-taking guerrilla leader.)

Many Republicans give Richardson good marks for his performance as energy secretary. He merely inherited the spy scandal, they say. Since April, Richardson has initiated a series of security reviews and work stoppages. He has imposed an 18-month moratorium on the further declassification of Cold War–era documents (a policy started in 1993 by a predecessor, Hazel O'Leary, that may have done more to aid the Chinese than anything their agents actually stole). And he has ordered about 5,000 employees to undergo lie-detector tests.

He has also done everything possible to take sole credit for fixing the espionage problem, often jumping the gun and refusing to work with Congress. "Americans can be reassured: Our nation's nuclear secrets are today safe and secure," he said in May. A few weeks later, Clinton's own Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board said Richardson had spoken too soon. The White House has tried to blame most of the espionage damage on previous administrations, and it has an interest in Richardson as white knight, come in to save the day. So does Richardson himself. He has tried to keep Congress from reforming Energy all along. He vehemently opposed an effort by GOP senators to create a special agency overseeing the nuclear-weapons labs. According to Republican staffers, Richardson made angry phone calls to the Hill, threatening to cancel contracts with weapons-assembly plants in South Carolina and Texas. His efforts failed.




*"Now this scene calls for a vast expanse of ocean."*

"Making this personal was a big mistake," says one Senate aide. When defeat appeared likely, Richardson wound up reluctantly endorsing reform, which passed the Senate in July. Then, in August, he privately urged Clinton to veto the bill.

Richardson may not have fared well in that particular dustup, but some of his enemies aren't doing so well themselves. Victor Reis, an assistant energy secretary in charge of security, met with Richardson's wrath for supporting the Republican-backed reorganization plan. He was forced to resign in June. And in April, another top security official who had been highly critical of the administration's handling of the Chinese-espionage charges, Edward J. McCallum, was placed on administrative leave three days after the intelligence advisory board asked him to testify. McCallum, who has since been given a 90-day detail at the Defense Department, is charged with violating security procedures—"an obvious act of retaliation against the individual and the office that has tried to bring an increasingly distressing message of failed security at the laboratories forward," he says.

When it comes to controversial personnel decisions, Richardson may be best known for his role in the Monica Lewinsky scandal. He held a job open at the United Nations for Lewinsky nearly two years ago. On the Tripp tapes, Lewinsky quotes Clinton as saying that Richardson is "willing to kind of create a position." Richardson denied any political dealmaking, but phone records revealed he had been in frequent contact with Vernon Jordan and that at least one call had been made from his extension to Lewinsky. (Richardson said his secretary often uses the extension, and she backed him up.) Aside from one article in *The American Spectator*, Richardson's role in the affair has received little scrutiny.

The energy secretary can expect plenty more scrutiny if he winds up on the national ticket. On a trip to Iraq in 1995, Richardson posed for a photo with Saddam Hussein. "This picture is going to cost me votes," said Richardson. Replied Saddam: "And you think I look good posing with you?" Al Gore may wonder the same thing next summer. **NR**



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■ CULTURE WATCH ■

# When in Rome . . .

## Woodstock, again.

CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

THE second commemoration of Woodstock, at the former Griffiss Air Force Base in Rome, N.Y., resulted in two rampages. Both of them had the Sixties chant of Peace-Love-and-Understanding as a pretext.

First, a frat-boy–saturated crowd groped—and perhaps raped—a number of the bare-breasted girls being passed over the mosh pit and, once the music had stopped, emptied a couple of 18-wheelers full of souvenirs and smashed a handful of automatic-teller machines. Second, Richard Cohen and other columnists keen to defend the "spirit" of the original Woodstock reaffirmed their willingness to achieve Peace-Love-and-Understanding, by force of arms if necessary. In tones that would make a drunken Serb plead on his knees for moderation, Cohen looked at a Wirephoto of teenagers looting a souvenir truck and announced: "I want these guys arrested. . . . I want everyone else in the picture arrested also."

In the rush to assign blame for the greatest incident of rock wilding since a dozen were stomped to death at a 1979 Who concert, the bands were first. Limp Bizkit, Rage Against the Machine, and (my compliments on the name) Insane Clown Posse were singled out early. Not wholly without reason. Rage Against the Machine ended its set on the eve of the riots with the novel send-off: "F*** you. I won't do what you tell me."

Here's where Cohen and his like are trying to have it both ways. One can be appalled at the mayhem that ensued, but still admit that it's hard to think of anything more in the spirit of the original Woodstock than Rage's taunt. The '69 concert, held at Max Yasgur's farm upstate, was defined not just by what it was for (Peace-Love-and-Understanding) but also by what it was against (Vietnam, conformity, and capitalist exploitation). But as the decades have passed, the "Woodstock Experience" has come to be—for most of its members—indistinguishable from the American Establishment Experience.

Evidence of the mellow way in which the former counterculture has bled into an establishment culture comes from the loudly proclaimed disappointment of Woodstock '99 promoters John Scher and Michael Lang (who helped set up the original Woodstock) that the festival didn't end more quietly. "Concert officials had planned to end the show on a more reflective note," the *Boston Globe* reported. But Scher and Lang's idea of "a more reflective note" was Peter Gabriel's closing of the *first* Woodstock commemoration, five years ago, with his ballad "Biko." The song is about anti-apartheid politician Steve Biko, killed in 1977 by South African special forces. To think that a song about a democracy activist murdered by an authoritarian regime is supposed to *lull an audience to sleep* indicates the quiescence that has settled on the counterculture between 1969 and now.

Michael Lang explained the riots by saying, "I don't think the kids were making an anti-Woodstock statement. I think it was an anti-establishment, anti-everything statement." What he missed was that, now, Woodstock *is* the establishment. Fifty-two-year-old Tom Fall of Putney, Vt., had been at the original Woodstock, and he relived old memories while working as a vendor at the 1999 one. He professed himself shocked at the turn events took. "This was supposed to be peace, love, and harmony," he said. But *he* was wrong, too. This was not about peace, love, and harmony. It was about making tons of dough for the Woodstock Generation by exploiting the Woodstock Generation's children.

But there *was* a political protest at Woodstock '99, and Don Waslelewski of Hudson, N.H., had no hesitation in proclaiming what it was about. "I blame Michael Lang," he said. "He totally overpriced everything. He forgot what Woodstock is all about . . . It's 95 degrees outside and the guy is selling water for $5 a pop." This didn't cut much ice with such tribunes of the privileged class as Richard Cohen. "The economic justification given by some is just plain lame," he wrote. "If the Woodstockians thought the price of a hot dog was excessive ($5), they need not have bought one. If they thought $4 was too much to ask for a bottle of water, they are right. But these prices are in line with what's charged at standard rock concerts."

But Woodstock was not a standard rock concert. It involved holding kids incommunicado for several *days* at the height of a heat wave that killed hundreds up and down the east coast. Woodstock's promoters charged $10 for burritos and $12 for mini-pizzas, all of it going into Michael Lang's pocket. It wasn't just that water cost four and five dollars a bottle—it was that the concert promoters appear to have *shut off the water* in order to promote sales. And they didn't clean the toilets! The port-a-potty doors were wedged open all weekend by sloping hills of turds. "They were expected to live like animals but spend money like kings," is how the *New York Times* described the gripe of an angry 47-year-old Woodstock-nostalgic, standing there with her 2-year-old granddaughter.

"If I were a Woodstock promoter," says Cohen, "I would offer a reward for the names of the looters and *I just might hire some bounty hunters* to look for these kids." I'll bet he would. The italics are mine, and I hope they remind Cohen that he sounds like a copper boss sending his thugs in to take out the union organizers shaving profit margins at the Upper Peninsula mines he rules from his midtown desk.

What was Cohen after? Not the "spirit" of the Sixties generation, but the *interests* of the Sixties generation. Maybe he can't tell them apart. At Woodstock '69, he'd've backed the youngsters. At Woodstock '99, he backed the '69ers, now bloated plutocrats, who were ripping the youngsters off.

It's enough to make you want to smash capitalism. According to John Strausbaugh, the editor of the *New York Press* who was at the original Woodstock 30 years ago, "What's arrogant is that the promoters were trying to exploit the kids with their own nostalgia. When the kids rebel . . . well, they *rebel*. That's what kids are for! It's about time one of these 19-year-olds looked at us and said, 'Well . . . you started it!'" NR

Mr. Caldwell is senior writer at *The Weekly Standard*.



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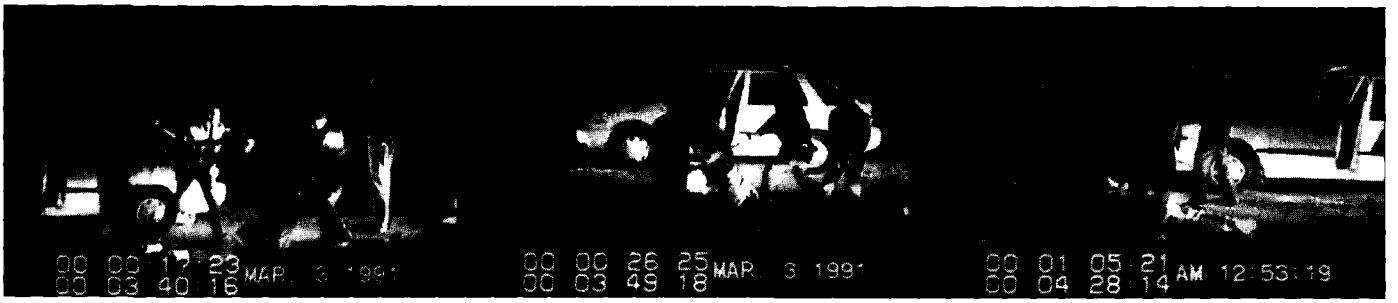
■ COVER STORY ■

# American Travesty

## How justice failed the Rodney King cops.

LOU CANNON




SUPPOSE that two defendants were tried on felony-assault charges and acquitted by a jury, then tried for the same acts before another jury and once more acquitted. Suppose that the victim of the purported assault then sued for civil damages and that a third jury found the defendants not liable for his injuries. And suppose that after this legal vindication the defendants were fired from their jobs, denied employment in their profession, and ostracized.

This account describes the fate of Timothy Edward Wind and Theodore Joseph Briseno, two former Los Angeles police officers with small roles in the violent real-life drama that is remembered as the "Rodney King beating." They and two other LAPD defendants were acquitted by a pro-police suburban jury on April 29, 1992, in verdicts that ignited the deadly Los Angeles riots. Wind and Briseno were again acquitted in 1993 by federal jurors who were more sympathetic to King than to the police and who feared another riot unless they returned convictions—one of the factors that led them to find the two other officers guilty of violating King's civil rights. In 1994, the third jury awarded King $3.8 million in damages after the City of Los Angeles conceded liability; but the jury found that none of the officers was liable for King's injuries when he was beaten and subdued after a high-speed pursuit in the early morning hours of March 3, 1991.

Few know these facts. For most Americans the words "Rodney King" evoke a graphic videotape that appears to show a multitude of police officers savagely beating a helpless man. This videotape, shown so often on television that a principled CNN news director complained about its use as "wallpaper," is burned into our collective memory. Because the officers are white and King is black, many who saw the videotape assumed that those doing the beating were racists as well as brutes, an opinion disputed by the state prosecutor, an African American, who said that King was not beaten because of his race. But words cannot match the emotional power of the videotape. President George Bush said he was "sickened" by it and all but promised during the riots that the four LAPD officers would face prosecution on federal charges, as they did. When, on April 17, 1993, Sergeant Stacey Cornell Koon and Officer Laurence Michael Powell were convicted of violating King's civil rights, black teenagers danced in the streets. The next day, a week after Easter, Mayor Tom Bradley hailed as "the first day of a new life for Los Angeles." But even those celebrating the convictions might be surprised to learn that the two defendants who were acquitted the day before have arguably suffered more than the two who were sent to prison.

The incident began near midnight on March 2, 1991, on a Los Angeles freeway when two California Highway Patrol officers clocked a car at speeds up to 115 miles an hour. The driver wouldn't stop. He led police cars on a 7.8-mile pursuit on freeways and city streets before being forced to pull over because another vehicle was blocking his path. The driver was Rodney King, a tall, muscular man weighing 250 pounds who had recently been paroled after serving a state-prison term for robbery. King and two friends spent the evening of March 2 drinking malt liquor before deciding, as one of them later testified, to go "cruising around . . . looking for some girls." King's blood-alcohol level when he was arrested was .19, nearly two and one-half times the legal limit.

After King pulled over, his friends complied with police orders to get out of the car and lie face down on the ground. They were not harmed. King, however, was slow to get out

Mr. Cannon is the author of *Official Negligence: How Rodney King and the Riots Changed Los Angeles and the LAPD*, the paperback version of which will soon be available from Westview Press.



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and slow to obey police commands once he did. He danced and wiggled his buttocks at the female CHP officer who had initiated the pursuit. When she advanced upon him with gun drawn, Stacey Koon feared there might be a shooting, took over the arrest, and ordered officers at the scene to holster their guns. He had noticed that King was "buffed out," a term applied to muscular men who have lifted weights in prison, and decided that King was an ex-convict who could be fleeing the scene of a crime. When he shouted at King to lie face down with his arms outstretched, King did not comply and stared back at the sergeant with a glazed look. Koon then ordered four officers to jump on King and subdue him. One of them put a knee in King's back, trying to force his left arm behind him so he could handcuff him, but King was too strong. With a quick motion, King tossed Officers Briseno and Powell off his back, while the other two officers backed away. Koon next tried to immobilize King with an electric stun gun known as a Taser, which fires darts carrying a charge of 50,000 volts. This didn't work either. King writhed when hit by the first two-dart volley but did not go down. Koon fired a second volley. This time King fell, but he was soon back on his feet and charging toward Powell. By now, Koon was convinced that he had more on his hands than a strong, combative drunk—he believed King was under the influence of the drug phencyclidine, or PCP, which can endow its users with extraordinary strength.

Koon's efforts to take King into custody without harming him lasted several minutes and were not videotaped. The famous video, shot from an apartment balcony across the street by an amateur cameraman, begins with a three-second segment of King climbing to his feet after the second Taser volley and running toward Powell, who swings wildly with his baton and apparently hits King on the right side of his face. These three seconds are followed by ten seconds of blurry footage caused by a shifting of the camera. In the next clear sequence, Powell and Wind begin the torrent of blows, many of them delivered while King is on the ground, that subdue him. The entire videotape, from the moment King charges at Powell until he is handcuffed, lasts 81 seconds. But the version shown the following evening on KTLA, the local station to which the cameraman gave his videotape, had been shortened to 68 seconds. Gone with the ten seconds of blurry footage were the initial three seconds of the video in which King runs toward Powell. There is no evidence that the editing was the product of anti-police bias—it seems to have reflected television's preference for visual clarity even at the sacrifice of meaning. The edited tape was given to other stations and is the familiar footage seen so often on TV. It is a partial version of a video that is itself a partial record.

In any version the videotape is hard for most people to watch. The officers, mostly Powell, unleashed more than 50 baton blows. Not all of them landed, but Koon testified at the first trial that he had "not seen anything that is as violent as this in my fourteen and a half years [as an LAPD officer]." But the editing eliminated any trace of motivation, making it seem as if the officers were beating King for the fun of it. It also had the ironic effect of undermining the prosecution in the state trial, which was moved by a judge to Simi Valley, a conservative community where jurors suspected that the media had not told the full story of the incident. When the unedited tape was played in court, the jurors were confirmed in their views, and the prosecution was placed at a disadvantage from which it was unable to recover.

The full videotape was extensively analyzed by Internal Affairs, the FBI, investigators for the district attorney, and the defendants' lawyers, two of whom were former police officers. Out of this analysis and other inquiries came three basic versions of events. The prosecution contended that the beating was egregious police brutality, while the defense version

**The editing of the famous videotape made it seem as if the officers were beating King for the fun of it.**

was that the officers had conducted a proper arrest, escalating their use of force gradually as they had been taught. The third and (to me) most persuasive version was developed principally by a capable LAPD detective named T. Z. Tzimeas, who headed the Internal Affairs investigation. He repeatedly watched the video and questioned every officer involved in the arrest except Briseno, who evaded an interview. Tzimeas concluded that the incident was a well-intentioned arrest gone wrong. Powell was inept in the use of his baton and panicked when King came at him. Powell and Wind and probably Koon had suffered from "tunnel vision," a stress-produced affliction in which officers see nothing except what is happening directly in front of them. Koon had been too involved with the stun gun to supervise the arrest and may have lost his focus when the Taser failed to halt King. As Tzimeas saw it, what happened that night was the product of mistakes, not criminal brutality. This version, ruinous to the contentions of both prosecution and defense, was never presented at any of the trials. The report remains secret to this day.

Truth will out, however, and a similar version of events emerged from an analysis by U.S. district judge John G. Davies, who presided over the federal trial. Davies, a naturalized citizen who had won an Olympic gold medal in swimming for his native Australia and practiced law for 27 years before being named to the bench by Ronald Reagan, was thorough and fair. He had no access to the Internal Affairs report and undertook his own moment-by-moment examination of the videotape before sentencing Koon and Powell. The judge's analysis suggested to some trial observers that he might have found Koon (and conceivably even Powell) innocent had the decision been his. But because the jury had spoken, Davies was limited to determining when the unlawful conduct began. He decided the officers had behaved legally until the final 19 seconds of the incident when they continued to hit King after he was no longer resistant. This meant that King's injuries were the result of lawful action. King's broken cheekbone and facial cuts were caused by Powell's first blow. His other significant injury, a broken right fibula, occurred at the forty-third second of the video. In summary,



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Davies found that the officers had been caught up in a difficult arrest of a resistant suspect but should have stopped the beating slightly sooner than they did. This had also been the finding of Tzimeas, the Internal Affairs detective.

The government, cheered on by black leaders, sought long sentences—nine to ten years (the maximum) for Koon and seven to nine years for Powell. Davies was hemmed in by federal sentencing guidelines that have transferred discretion from judges to prosecutors, who can increase sentences by tacking on "enhancements" for particular acts. In this case the government sought an enhancement because of King's injuries. Davies demurred. In a bold sentencing memorandum, he cited several mitigating factors, starting with the fact that "Mr. King's wrongful conduct contributed significantly"

**The four 'Rodney King officers' had little in common except assignment to the LAPD's Foothill Division.**

to the incident. Davies noted that the defendants would be punished by losing their livelihood and that the successive prosecutions of the officers in state and federal courts, "though legal, raise a specter of unfairness." He sentenced Koon and Powell to 30 months in prison and also rejected the government's demands for fines, saying that Koon "has five dependent children who would be unduly burdened if a fine was imposed" and that Powell was unable to pay. The government appealed the sentences, contending that Davies had strayed from the federal guidelines. After a liberal panel of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals agreed with the government, the sentences were unanimously upheld by the Supreme Court and have become, in the words of Briseno's attorney, Harland Braun, "the seminal case in restoring a modicum of judicial discretion." (The biggest beneficiaries of this discretion, incidentally, have been blacks and Latinos.)

The four "Rodney King officers," as they were now known, were no peas in a pod. They had little in common except assignment to the LAPD's Foothill Division, which polices a chunk of the San Fernando Valley and its surrounding hills. Sergeant Koon, then 41, was an admirable but contentious officer who had earned some 90 commendations and was known for courage, honesty, and stubbornness. He came to Foothill from the LAPD's tough 77th Street Division in the heart of South Central Los Angeles, where he had once shot and wounded a gang member just as the gangster was about to shoot a police officer. In another incident Koon was on duty when a black transvestite prostitute with bleeding sores on his mouth and lips was brought into the station and suffered a heart attack. Without hesitation Koon dropped to his knees and applied mouth-to-mouth resuscitation in a vain attempt to save the prostitute's life. Koon's bravery made him an instant legend among his fellow officers but displeased his superiors, who thought he had taken an unnecessary risk, an opinion in which they were confirmed when an autopsy showed that the prostitute had AIDS. Koon was no go-along, get-along cop. In Foothill, he had displeased old-guard white officers with a vigorous investigation of another veteran sergeant accused by two homeless blacks of striking them with his baton when they refused to leave a street corner. Koon persuaded the sergeant's rookie partner to tell the truth about what happened. The sergeant retired and was convicted of using force "under color of authority," for which he received probation.

Powell, who had a better aptitude for computers than for police work, was a problem officer. Twenty-eight at the time of the King incident and the youngest of the officers, he was described by superiors and colleagues as enthusiastic but immature. Powell had with repeated baton strokes broken the elbow of a man he was arresting, prompting a lawsuit that the city settled for $70,000. He was reprimanded in another case by the LAPD for hitting a suspect with a flashlight. Powell had advanced rapidly in Foothill because he made many arrests, but he was out of shape and tired from a change in shifts. In a coincidence too strange for fiction, Powell had been ordered during roll call at the beginning of his shift on March 2, 1991, to demonstrate proper use of the baton. The test was conducted not against a moving suspect but a stationary stack of tires. Powell flunked it. In hindsight some of the department's best officers said he should then have been assigned to desk duty until retrained. But Foothill was short of street officers, and Powell was sent into the night to face Rodney King.

After Powell failed the baton test, Tim Wind was called upon to perform it and did so flawlessly. Wind, who looked younger than Powell but was two years older, had been in the Green Berets, served for seven years as a police officer in a small town in his home state of Kansas, and had been regarded as an exceptionally promising officer in his class at the Los Angeles Police Academy. Despite his police background he was a probationary or first-year officer in the LAPD and was assigned to a supposedly more experienced officer for training. Powell was Wind's training officer.

Briseno, the fourth officer, had an adequate record during nine years of LAPD service marred by a 1987 suspension for using force against a handcuffed child-abuse suspect. He had been warned that another improper use of force meant dismissal, and no complaints were made against Briseno after 1987 until the King incident, in which he was a marginal participant. Briseno struck no blows; he was indicted for a single stomp to the neck or upper back of King. His defense was that he was trying to keep King down so that Powell would not hit him again. In the state trial, he testified that Powell was out of control while beating King. Briseno changed his mind after viewing an FBI-enhanced tape of the beating and did not testify in the federal trial. But the state trial had been televised, and Judge Davies allowed federal jurors to see key sections of Briseno's taped state-trial testimony.

By the time of the federal trial the plight of the officers had won sympathetic attention from conservatives who saw them as scapegoats for the riots. The attention focused on Koon, who carried his defense beyond the courtroom in newspaper interviews and a book, *Presumed Guilty*, published by Regnery Gateway. (The manuscript was seized before publication by the FBI, ostensibly for evidence.) Publisher Alfred Regnery



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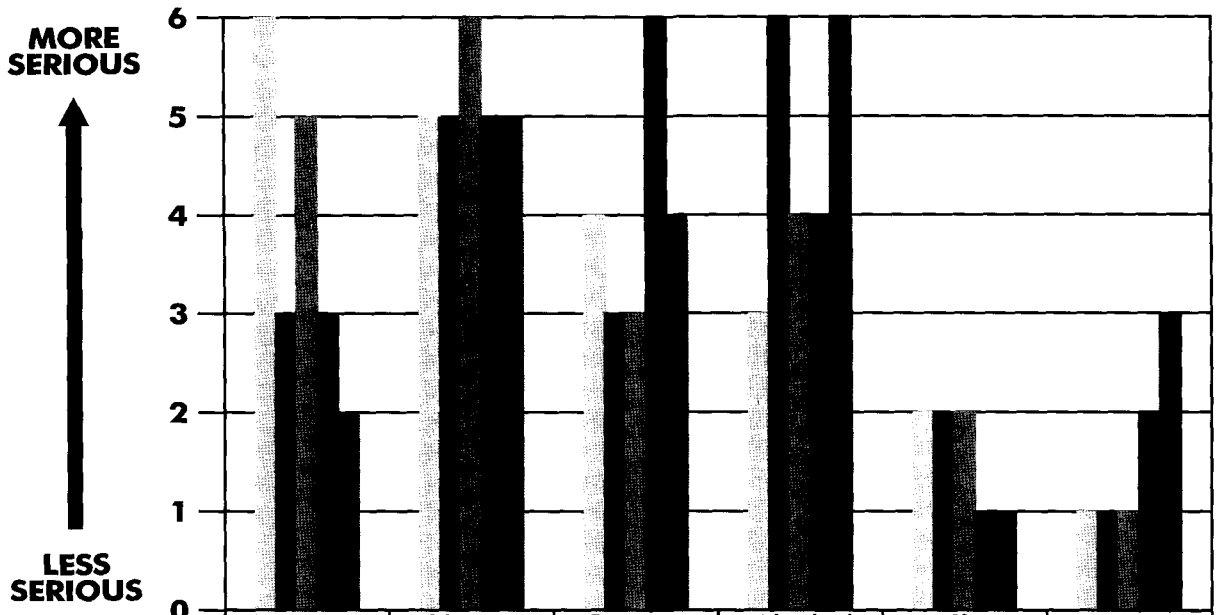
# Do Our Drug Laws Focus on the Truly Dangerous Drugs?

## Comparing Dangers of Popular Drugs

*(Lower score indicates less serious effect)*




| | Nicotine | Heroin | Cocaine | Alcohol | Caffeine | Marijuana |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| DEPENDENCE | 6 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 |
| WITHDRAWAL | 4 | 5 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 1 |
| TOLERANCE | 5 | 6 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 1 |
| REINFORCEMENT | 3 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 1 | 2 |
| INTOXICATION | 2 | 5 | 4 | 6 | 1 | 3 |

***Source:*** Dr. Jack E. Henningfield, Ph.D. for NIDA. Reported by: Philip J. Hilts, *New York Times,* Aug. 2, 1994 *"Is Nicotine Addictive? It Depends on Whose Criteria You Use."*

## Does Jailing Marijuana Users Make More Sense than Jailing Coffee Drinkers?

**Common Sense for Drug Policy, Kevin B. Zeese, President**
**703-354-5694, 703-354-5695 (fax), info@csdp.org, www.csdp.org**

***Dependence:*** How difficult it is for the the user to quit, the relapse rate, the percentage of people who eventually become dependent, the rating users give their own need for the substance and the degree to which the substance will be used in the face of evidence that it causes harm.
***Withdrawal:*** Presence and severity of characteristic withdrawal symptoms.
***Tolerance:*** How much of the substance is needed to satisfy increasing cravings for it, and the level of stable need that is eventually reached.
***Reinforcement:*** A measure of the substance's ability, in human and animal test, to get users to take it again and again, and in preference to other substances.
***Intoxication:*** Though not usually counted as a measure of addiction in itself, the level of intoxication is associated with addiction and increases the personal and social damage a substance may do.

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organized a defense fund for Koon that in 1994–95 raised more than $2.4 million after fundraising expenses. Half of this paid Koon's legal bills—the rest was placed in trust funds for Koon, his wife Mary, and their five children. Powell did not do as well—he filed a pauper's declaration and sold his home to pay legal bills. But his father Edwin, a retired U.S. marshal, in time organized a defense fund that raised an undisclosed amount of money for his son's legal appeals by selling copper bracelets patterned after those used for prisoners of war and T-shirts that read, "To Protect and To Serve—Time."

Prison can be perilous for police officers, but the Bureau of Prisons promised that Koon and Powell would be kept away

**'It's hard on all of them because they have lost their earning power and can never work as police officers again.'**

from violent inmates. The bureau kept its word but then inexplicably released Koon to a halfway house in a rough area of Riverside County where a drug-crazed gunman from the neighborhood tried to kill him on Thanksgiving Day 1995. Koon had been given a home furlough for the holiday, and the gunman instead killed a bystander before he was shot dead by sheriff's deputies. Koon served the final few weeks of his sentence in house arrest. He had made prison what he called "a positive experience" by losing 45 pounds, reading two or three books a week, and completing correspondence courses in a program to become a Catholic lay teacher. After his release, he did some consulting and investing but spends the bulk of his time as a self-described "Mr. Mom" who tends the house while his wife, a nurse, works outside the home. "I take care of the kids, cook the meals, go to the ballgames," Koon says. "I don't look back."

Powell, who also served two years in prison and another two months in a halfway house (in his case without incident), married after his release from prison. He and his wife moved to the San Diego area, where he works in a computer store that makes use of his technical abilities.

When Koon and Powell went off to prison, Wind and Briseno were left to fend for themselves with little money or support. They had been declared innocent in two trials by 24 jurors of vastly divergent views—one woman juror in the state trial believed police officers could legally use any amount of force on anyone who did not obey them; one male juror in the federal trial thought that LAPD officers routinely use their stun guns to torture suspects. But even the most opinionated, anti-police jurors could see when they examined Wind's conduct on a slow-motion version of the videotape that he had stepped back to evaluate the impact of his baton blows, as he had been trained. They also realized that Briseno's involvement in the incident was marginal and gave him the benefit of the doubt.

While the findings of these diverse jurors spared Wind and Briseno from prison, their careers as police officers were over. Briseno carried the additional burden of hostility from fellow officers who resented his testimony against Powell and Koon in the state trial. While an LAPD Board of Rights went through the motions of hearing Briseno's appeal for reinstatement as an officer, it was obvious from the opening moments that he had no chance. Nor would other police forces hire him. With help from his brother, a police officer, and his attorney, Braun, he found a low-paying security job in the Los Angeles area. But he lives in near-poverty and is frequently depressed. "It's particularly hard on Ted because he's not accepted by either side," says Braun. "But it's hard on all of them because they have lost their earning power and can never work as police officers again. That's all Briseno knew or wanted to do."

Wind was popular with his fellow officers but no more successful than Briseno in his efforts to continue his police career. As a probationary officer he was not entitled to a Board of Rights hearing but was allowed a lesser proceeding known as a "liberty-interest hearing" before Robert Gale, an LAPD captain. Gale reviewed Wind's conduct, finding that he had used his baton properly but that six kicks of King had violated LAPD policy. Saying that Wind was "honest and sincere" and had conducted himself in a "professional and dignified manner" at the hearing and three trials, Gale recommended he be given a six-month suspension and returned to duty. But Willie Williams, the LAPD police chief at the time, promptly fired Wind and also upheld the Board of Rights report dismissing Briseno.

Wind struggled for three years to find work while his wife Lorna supported them and their son, an infant at the time of the King arrest. Life, which had seemed so good in Kansas, was hard for Lorna Wind. She endured a miscarriage and broke down on the witness stand at the civil trial as she described the family's hardships. Meanwhile, her husband had serious medical problems that required operations and plunged him into a continuing battle with the City of Los Angeles over disability payments. He was sometimes a political target—the rap singer Ice Cube wrote a song urging that Wind be sent back to Kansas in a casket. In 1994, over protests from blacks, Wind was hired for a $9.32-an-hour part-time job as a community-service officer in Culver City, where one of his duties was washing the police chief's car.

Determined to make a new life for himself, Wind enrolled in a community college. He was a bright and curious student who earned high marks and transferred to Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles, from which he graduated with honors and a degree in urban studies this May. But the Rodney King case lurks always around the corner. At a professor's request, Wind founded an urban-studies club at Loyola Marymount that was doing well until its members learned of Wind's background and stopped attending. All of his post-graduation applications for entry-level planning jobs have been rejected with form letters, even though such positions are plentiful in booming California. Wind is 39 years old and feels that time is running out on him. He has given up looking for planning work and intends this fall to seek admission to law school. That he was twice proven innocent in the Rodney King affair has been no help.

If this does not seem fair, it is of a piece with the Rodney King case, about which very little has been fair. **NR**



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# Star-in-Waiting

## Meet George W.'s foreign-policy czarina.

JAY NORDLINGER

IT'S an odd name, but one that we may all have to learn soon enough: Condoleezza. Her mother, a pianist, was thinking of the musical direction *con dolcezza*, or "with sweetness"; for her only child, she composed a variation on it.

Condoleezza Rice is known as Condi to her friends—and she may in time be known as secretary of state, or national security advisor, or ambassador to the United Nations. She is principal foreign-policy advisor to George W. Bush, and, according to those in a position to know, she is set—"locked in," says one—to assume one of the top posts in a W. administration.

Although she is relatively young—44, with the look and air of a graduate student—she is not exactly a new face. She served on the National Security Council in the administration of the first George Bush, under Brent Scowcroft, the national security advisor. There she was responsible for Soviet and East European affairs, at a time when Germany was reunifying, the Baltics were rebelling, and the Soviet Union itself was sputtering toward self-termination. She has an obvious personal affection for President Bush, as she does for his son, the governor of Texas. She has come to know George W. well in the last couple of years, and, by all accounts, the two get along famously. A Bush aide says that they vacation together; that they talk on the phone nearly every day; and that Bush trusts her completely, to manage his foreign-policy team and to provide counsel on other matters as well—including social issues. Asked the Republican question of the hour—Why W.?—Rice has an ingenuous answer: "Because I like him. And I think he ought to be president."

For the last six years, Rice has been provost of Stanford University, where she has spent her entire academic career. She stepped down in July, to take a year's leave. Provost is a powerful position at Stanford—number two, below president. Rice began the job at only 38. In fact, she has done just about everything early—the very picture of American overachievement.

Condoleezza Rice by Bob Bukin

She was born in Birmingham, Ala., in 1954, when Jim Crow—and that regime's local enforcer, Bull Connor—held sway. Both parents were teachers. Condi was a schoolmate of Denise McNair, one of the girls murdered in the infamous church bombing. Later the Rice family moved to Tuscaloosa, where Condi's father, John Rice, was a dean at Stillman College, a predominantly black school. Mother and father, says Rice, "felt strongly about pushing ahead in education"; their *Wunderkind*, as a result, "had lessons in everything—piano, skating, ballet, French . . ." She skipped first grade, and also the seventh.

When Condi was 13, the family moved to Colorado, so that John Rice could become a vice chancellor of the University of Denver, where he had earned an advanced degree. He was—and is—a Republican (as well as an ordained Presbyterian minister). For one thing, he abhorred the Dixiecrats who were the Democratic party in the South. For another, it was simply easier to register with the Republicans. (The Democrats, typically, had demanded that he guess the number of beans in a jar.)

Condi entered the University of Denver at 15, aiming to become a pianist. She studied one summer at the famous music camp in Aspen—"affirmative action for Colorado kids," she says. Midway through college, however, she came to the sad realization that she would not "make it" as a pianist. She did not want to become an accompanist, and she did not want "to teach 13-year-olds to murder Beethoven." So she left the music program and cast about for a different major. First she tried English literature and "hated it": It was simply too "squishy." ("That'll get me in trouble with my humanist friends.") Next she tried government, but that, too, was "not very rigorous." ("That'll get me in trouble, too.") Finally she met Josef Korbel, a former Czech diplomat, a refugee from Nazism and Communism, who headed Denver's school of international relations. "I really adored him," says Rice. "I really did. He's the reason I'm in this field. I loved his course, and I loved him. He sort of picked me out as someone who might do this well." From then on, it was "Soviet politics, Soviet everything."

Korbel, of course, was Madeleine Albright's father. ("Who would've thunk it?" admits Rice.) Rice knew the young Albright, as she, Rice, was a frequent guest in the Korbel home. The two women turned out differently in their thinking—with Rice arguably closer to Korbel's consistently tough-minded views—but America may well have the unusual experience of two successive secretaries of state who learned about the world at the same knee.

Rice was graduated at 19 and went to Notre Dame, for a master's degree.



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She returned to Denver for her Ph.D. and arrived at Stanford to be an assistant professor when she was 26. Eight years later, Scowcroft selected her for his NSC staff. While she was there, the new governor of California, Pete Wilson, considered appointing her to a U.S. Senate seat (which he himself had just vacated). She signaled to him, however, that she did not desire the appointment ("and I don't think I would have received it anyway"). If she *had* received and accepted it, she—not Carol Moseley-Braun, elected from Illinois in 1992—would have been the first black woman to serve in the Senate.

In the last several years, Rice has received numerous offers to become president of a university (the natural progression from provost). It is assumed that Berkeley is among the schools that sought to lure her from Palo Alto. (Invited to confirm this, she says only, "I was offered several presidencies, put it that way.") She decided, though, that she did not want

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**Rice is an unabashed believer in the American experiment, in the U.S. as a model and force for good in the world.**

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"to go any further in higher ed," preferring to "get back to my roots as a Russianist." She will spend her year's leave working on a book about the end of the Cold War, serving on her various corporate boards, and "helping Gov. Bush prepare" for the Oval Office—"a nice combination," she smiles.

As to those "roots," what was it, indeed, that drew her to the Soviet Union, to Russia? "I was attracted to the Byzantine nature of Soviet politics," she says, "and by power: how it operates, how it's used." She read everything she could get her hands on about World War II "and about war generally." She particularly remembers John Erickson's "great books"—*The Road to Stalingrad*, *The Road to Berlin*. She read Dostoevsky "rather than Tolstoy." And she encountered Solzhenitsyn: "He understood the dark side of Russia better than anyone else. Like most Russian novels, it was tragedy without redemption."

Above all, she was influenced by "people who understood the paradox of the Soviet Union—that it was essentially weak and rotting." Yet as weak and rotting as it was, "it was still exceedingly dangerous, and I think we're very fortunate to have gotten through the Cold War the way we did." Asked recently by *Time* magazine who should be named "Person of the Century," she nominated Harry Truman, who "gave the U.S. an unprecedented role in international affairs" and "fundamentally reshaped the world and planted the seeds of the Soviet Union's eventual destruction." She calls John Foster Dulles "an extraordinarily important figure," one "I would love to have met." Dulles "had it right. But philosophy and timing have to come together, and, if you think about it, what happened from 1981 to 1991 was essentially rollback [Dulles's supreme objective]. In the 1950s, though, you couldn't do that without great costs."

And Henry Kissinger, an un-Dulles? "I'm very fond of him. I think he's one of the smartest people I've ever met." So she is a Kissingerian? "I'm probably a bit of a *Realpolitiker* in that I think that power balances determine a lot. But I think that I am not in the sense that I thought that détente was probably predicated too much on the notion of the Soviet Union as a normal state, which had its interests in the international system that could somehow be accommodated. I think the Soviets simply took that as an opportunity to expand." Several days later she places a phone call, concerned about her description of herself as a *Realpolitiker*, even "probably a bit of" one. She wishes to clarify: "I am a realist. Power matters. But there can be no absence of moral content in American foreign policy, and, furthermore, the American people wouldn't accept such an absence. Europeans giggle at this and say we're naïve and so on, but we're not Europeans, we're Americans—and we have different principles."

In most everything she says and writes, Rice makes clear that she is an unabashed believer in the American experiment, in the United States as a model and force for good in the world. Of Ronald Reagan, she says, "His great strength was that he had a couple of clear principles that he held to assiduously." American power was good; Soviet power was bad; the one had to be enhanced, the other diminished. "I've said to people in the press sometimes, 'Your problem with Reagan was that, he was so clear, you couldn't reinterpret him.'" Rice concedes that when Reagan delivered his electric "totalitarian evil" speech before the British Parliament in 1982, "even I thought, 'Oh, that's incredibly undiplomatic, and I hope it doesn't provoke an incident.' And you know what? He was absolutely right. And most important, the Soviets knew he was right—that they were going to wind up on the ash heap of history. That's what we owe him." Reagan, stresses Rice, was blessed with timing (unlike Dulles): He "mobilized the power of the United States" and "hit on a rollback strategy that challenged the Soviets" when the moment was ripe. In addition to which, "we were extraordinarily fortunate, because it's not clear to me that a leader other than Gorbachev might not have chosen to challenge back"—and that would have been a whole different ball game.

Conservatives, Rice maintains, "underestimate Gorbachev's role" in the conclusion of the Cold War: "The Soviet Union might have been weak internally, but when people say, 'Well, he had no options'—oh, he had options! He had 390,000 troops in Germany. He could have provoked a *tremendous* crisis over the Berlin Wall." Gorbachev did take repressive steps in the Baltics, but, "for some reason, he always pulled up short of using maximum force, and we should all be very grateful for that." Conservatives, Rice summarizes, underestimate the importance of Gorbachev; liberals underestimate the importance of Reagan; and "they *all* underestimate the importance of George Bush," her old boss. Is this Rice the analyst talking or Rice the loyal staffer and friend? "Well, ask yourself," she replies: "Was it inevitable that Germany unified on completely Western terms, within NATO; that Soviet troops went home, with dignity and without incident; that American troops stayed; that all of Eastern Europe was liberated and joined the Western bloc? No, it was not inevitable—and that leaves a lot of room for statecraft."



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Did the Bush administration make any mistakes? "Not while I was there," she quips. Then she reflects, "It was a mistake to wait so long in Bosnia." She chalks up the administration's inaction to "fatigue": "The Gulf War was just ending, and then we got into an election season—an earlier action was probably warranted." She strongly supported this year's Kosovo war, but warned against permitting "strategic air power and especially the cruise missile" to become "national drugs." Though she is not particularly worried that the Republican party is tilting isolationist, she was dismayed at the behavior of certain Republicans in Congress, those who did "what no party should ever do: confuse the clear message that you're trying to send to an enemy when you have forces at war." Once American troops had arrived, she says, "the only thing to say to Milosevic was, 'We're going to beat you—all of us.'"

Fine, then: What about her man W., a foreign-policy neophyte? He is, notes Rice, "the governor of a border state." But come now: Isn't that a reach, a dose of spin? After all, many governors—including Jesse Ventura—are border-state governors. "No," protests Rice, "a big border state—and the last president we had who had been governor of a big border state was Ronald Reagan." At this she grins, having spun herself out. As for Bush's foreign-policy instincts, Rice reports that they are solidly internationalist: He knows that "the United States is *the* critical actor in international politics and has no choice but to be involved in the world. We're going to play a role one way or another. And we can either play it consciously and smartly, with a design, or we can sit back and pretend we're not playing a role, and play one by our absence."

On the critical issue of China, Rice favors strengthening the hand of the "liberalizers" in Beijing—those who suppose (erroneously, according to Rice) that economic liberalization can proceed without a political loosening: "I don't care if they believe that. Economic liberalization is ultimately going to lead to political liberalization—that's an iron law." She says that she would "strongly raise human-rights issues every time with the Chinese leadership," while recognizing that "you have to be careful not to cause a backlash against democratizing forces." The Chinese Communists, she is convinced, are "are living on borrowed time."

When it comes to Israel, Rice professes an emotional attachment, a pull that goes beyond the bounds of the coolly analytic. Israel, she says, "is a struggling democracy in the midst of non-democratic states that would do it great harm." This was a nation that "nobody wanted to be born, that was born into a hostile environment, and that, without so strong a moral compass and so strong a people, might not have made it." For the United States, Rice contends, Israel is no less than "a moral commitment." "I've told you I'm a *Realpolitiker*, but this one is different."

Rice characterizes herself as an "all-over-the-map Republican," whose views are "hard to typecast": "very conservative" in foreign policy, "ultra-conservative" in other areas, "almost shockingly libertarian" on some issues, "moderate" on others, "liberal" on probably nothing. (She calls herself "mildly pro-choice" on abortion.)

Here is a prediction about her: If she becomes secretary of state or even something lesser, she will be big. Rock-star big. A major cultural figure, adorning the bedroom walls of innumerable kids and the covers of innumerable magazines. She is, all agree, an immensely appealing person: poised, gracious, humbly smart, still markedly southern after all these years in other parts. Her television appearances have prompted marriage proposals ("I haven't had many lately—maybe I'm getting old"). And she is very much a jock: a tennis player, an untiring follower of college and professional sports. (She knows an ex-Stanford student, Tiger Woods, slightly, and, what's more, "I strength-trained with his strength trainer—now there's a connection!") Her dream job, she has declared many times, is commissioner of the National Football League. On meeting her, the current commissioner, Paul Tagliabue, told her that he had heard she was angling for his job. "Not to worry," she answered; "but let me know when you're thinking of retiring."

Not least, she is refreshingly, strikingly, at ease on the matter of race. For years she has faced questions about her skin color and sex: Have they been advantages, responsible for her rapid rise? Disadvantages? "I don't spend too much time thinking about it," she says. "I can't go back and recreate myself as a white male" to test this proposition or that. She has enjoyed "a wonderful life, a great life," graced by ideal parents, and "I have a very, very powerful faith in God. I'm a really religious person, and I don't believe that I was put on this earth to be sour, so I'm eternally optimistic about things." She is loath "to criticize any black person for how he or she has wanted to navigate being black in America, whether it's Clarence Thomas or Maxine Waters." She does allow, however, that she wishes the "black middle class would spend less time thinking about itself and more time worrying about the witches' brew that is poverty and race. That is something that those of us who are black and privileged have a lot of responsibility for." She herself co-founded an organization in East Palo Alto for poor young people—an instance, she claims, of Bushian "compassionate conservatism."

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Though power and fame now beckon her, Rice seems sincerely, almost strangely unambitious. "I have learned," she explains, "to do what works for me—and that is not to look that far ahead; to do what you're doing, do it well, and see what comes next." Years ago "I structured my life to be a concert musician. That was all I wanted to do. And it fell apart on me. I'm never going to do that again." But if her presidential horse finishes first in November 2000, she will find herself performing on a very wide stage indeed. **NR**



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# Twilight of the Ayatollahs

## Islamic fundamentalism is on the wane.

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

A civil war has been under way these last twenty years throughout the Muslim Middle East. The rulers in power, most of them nationalist and in outlook, have had to confront Islamic fundamentalists attempting to overthrow them. This conflict has roots deep in history, for it contains an issue of identity to which no clear answer has yet been found: How exactly is a society to be both modern and Muslim? Much of this civil war has been subterranean, conducted through mutual assassination and other acts of terror. But in Egypt, and even more frighteningly in Algeria, the civil war has been in the open. The outcome held the key to the region's future.

In both Egypt and Algeria, the nationalists have now won—and they are winning elsewhere as well. The repercussions are enormous. Islamic fundamentalism is losing its triumphalist energies. And as the movement's violence slowly dies down, the Middle East can define its peaceful place in the global order.

The extensive civil war had its origins in Iran, in the successful bid in 1979 of the Ayatollah Khomeini to overthrow the Shah. That was a defining moment. It will always remain a historical marker. Khomeini had his solution to the troubling question of identity: A Muslim did not need to be modern, he had only to be a Muslim. In Khomeini's eyes, Muslims had, over the centuries, strayed as sectarians (Sunni or Shia), nationalists, liberals. Some had Westernized, and they were particularly guilty of heresy and apostasy.

Neighbors such as Saddam Hussein in Baghdad or the King of Saudi Arabia were to Khomeini hardly better than infidels. "There are no frontiers in Islam." This favorite saying of the Ayatollah's involved a program charged with threat. Duly united as in the glorious dawn of the faith, the virtuous would receive their reward, and the wicked their punishment. Self-appointed as Righteous Guide—in other words, a despot with a religious title—Khomeini set about enforcing what he saw as the word of God. The task was immense, nothing less than a reshaping of relations between Muslims, and then further between Muslims and the rest of the world.

In the absolute societies of the Muslim Middle East, men of ambition engage in a ceaseless careerist struggle to seize the supreme power that is tantalizingly within their grasp. Ayatollah Khomeini discovered how to translate Islam and religion into political ends of his own. With a rather brilliant blending of pathos and sternness, he played on the widespread sentiment that Muslims everywhere had been overpowered, victimized and finally humiliated by outsiders. Here was an account that he promised to square.

No matter whether they were called Christians, imperialists, or Westerners, outsiders and unbelievers were depicted as conspiring to deprive Muslims of their birthright by inflicting alien values on them. To the Ayatollah, Western democracy was particularly odious, and its culture non-existent, or pagan. "Arrogance" and "Satan" became current terms of abuse in Iran for America. The death sentence on Salman Rushdie for his novel was a warning that public opinion in the West would have to change, and submit to Islamic will. In an open letter to Gorbachev, Khomeini recommended conversion to Islam as the true *perestroika*. The Soviet Union might be expiring, but Islam was now on the march, and a far more all-embracing challenge too.

Distinguished scholars in the West like Samuel P. Huntington lent credence to this vision of the world, speaking of the coming clash of civilizations. Islam, in the words of another opinion-forming academic, Richard Bulliet of Columbia University, had become "the center of political and moral discourse" throughout the Middle East. More realistically, it was central to violence.

**As the movement's violence slowly dies down, the Middle East can define its peaceful place in the global order.**

Far from original, Khomeini's mindset was a legacy from colonial times, when Iran fell into the conflicting spheres of influence of Britain and Russia. A small number of activists had kept alive an ideal of religious mobilization against the outsiders. In Egypt between the world wars, activists of this sort founded the Muslim Brotherhood as a response to the British occupation. Strict observance of Islam would lead to the rejection of the British and everything they stood for, and afterwards to revenge and power. This was the prototype of Islamic fundamentalism. Spreading across the Arab world, Muslim Brotherhood cells have popularized violent resistance against everything Western. Reducing the whole West to a single malign entity fit for bomb-throwing, the Saudi millionaire and terrorist Osama bin Laden today embodies that outlook.

In due course, a prototype nationalist ruler, the Egyptian president Gamal Abdul Nasser, saw the danger and did his best to suppress the Brotherhood, hanging its leaders. In Nasser's wake, nationalist rulers all chose to modernize their countries and societies along Western lines. Islam to them was an impediment to modernity, a heritage perhaps, but not



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an organizing principle of society. Two short years after Khomeini had taken power, Nasser's successor, Anwar Sadat (a devout Muslim), was shot and killed at a military parade by a member of a group that had split off from the Brotherhood under the influence of the new Iranian fundamentalism. It was the first shot in an Arab country of the civil war to come.

Egypt sets an example for the Arab world. An Islamic regime in Cairo would have spawned clients and imitators far and wide, sending the Middle East spinning out of control, and precipitating a general war with Israel. Sadat's successor, Hosni Mubarak, still the president today, appreciated that the campaign against fundamentalist groups, notably the Gama'at al-Islamiyya and the smaller Islamic Jihad, was an either-or issue: either him or them. Up to 1,300 people have been killed, including soldiers and police, and many unfortunate foreign tourists.

Ayatollah Khomeini by Bob Bukin

This March, Muntassir al-Zayat, Gama'at's lawyer, declared that the whole campaign "had achieved little." He negotiated a deal. The group renounced violence, and in return Mubarak released from jail about 1,000 of its members, who had been sentenced in special courts to lengthy sentences. Mopping-up operations continue. Three Gama'at terrorists lately on the run, for instance, were detained as they illegally crossed the Uruguay-Brazil frontier. Special courts continue to try members of Islamic Jihad on charges of conspiracy to destroy the state, and to sentence them to death, but its leaders are thought to have been hunted down and killed. Militants remain, individuals like Sheikh Yusuf al-Badry, for example, but he resorts to the courts rather than to violence. When al-Badry recently tried to close down a secular magazine, the judge ruled that Egypt was suffering from an epidemic of religious extremism, led by "a few mentally ill people."

Mubarak proceeded cautiously, and with sophistication, for fear that strong-arm tactics might drive people to side with Gama'at. Other nationalist rulers preferred to stamp out Islamic fundamentalism with a brutality swift and total enough to be a public deterrent. In Syria, President Hafez Assad had found himself in the same plight as Mubarak, when in 1982 the local Muslim Brothers led an uprising in the city of Hama. An Islamic government in Syria would have triggered war with adjoining countries, including Turkey and Israel, and it would also have destroyed the Alawi minority to which Assad himself belongs. True to character, Assad turned his artillery on the town, killing perhaps as many as 25,000, whose corpses lie cemented under what was once the main square.

No less true to character, Saddam Hussein threw himself on a far larger scale into the civil war against Khomeini's vision of Islam. Like other rulers, he hoped to cover his tracks by claiming bogus Muslim credentials for himself. Ayatollah Baqir al-Sadr, an Iraqi who lived in Najaf, is said to have influenced Ayatollah Khomeini, and Saddam had him killed back in 1980, and his sister for good measure. Invading Iran in a campaign through most of the Eighties, he blunted its military capacity (and his own too). To show who was the master, he shelled holy Shia sites in his own cities of Najaf and Karbala. Last year in April and June, he ordered the murders of Ayatollah Burujerdi and Ayatollah Mirza Ali al-Gharawi, and this February the further murder of Grand Ayatollah Muhammad Sadiq al-Sadr (with his two sons thrown in). To play it safe, Saddam then put the murderers before a special court, and had them shot too. Membership in any Islamic group in Iraq carries a death sentence.

Between them, Arab and Muslim rulers have been obliged to display the complete range of capabilities, tricks, and abuses available to government. The hereditary monarchs in Saudi Arabia, Jordan, and Morocco have perhaps come off best so far by the simple expedient of coopting the fundamentalists, giving them positions and stuffing their pockets with money. As a Jordanian politician once put it, "Our Islamic firebrands used to come to their seats in parliament on foot or by bicycle; now they arrive in their chauffeur-driven Mercedes-Benzes." Muammar el Qaddafi has also bought off his fundamentalists, with a little judicious murder of oppositional muftis just to be sure. He now feels free, in a most peculiar new book titled *Escape to Hell*, to lavish mockery and sarcasm on Islamic fundamentalism.

Turkey is a special case. Apart from Israel, it is the only country in the region in which there is a chance that a fair election will replace the government. Islamists usually win approximately one-fifth of the vote. Complex maneuvering by the army has checked them. Since the last election in December 1995, there have been four governments and a military intervention. Disbanded recently by decree, the Islamic party immediately reformed under another name and now loses no opportunity to disavow extremism and the use of violence. Historically, Ottoman Turkey and its Sunni Sultan vied with Persia and its Shia Shah as the supreme Muslim power. The rivalry continues in a contemporary guise, as Turkey offers its model of a secular Muslim society while Iran is the Islamic model.

Iranian-inspired fundamentalism has taken over two countries, Sudan and Afghanistan, and by means of the Hezbollah group it also acquired an armed presence in Lebanon. In



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these instances, there is no effective centralizing ruler, and nothing that can properly be called either a state or a civil society. Powerless to prevent it, these places have foundered in civil war, tribal free-for-alls. Slogans of Islamic unity, though, have disguised the reality of colonization by Iran. But then, the Iranians are not the first to discover how easily colonial policy goes wrong.

Afghanistan was perceived in Teheran as a base from which to spread out into Pakistan and Central Asia. Iran's instrument was to be the Taliban, a group of mostly young and uncompromising student volunteers and mercenaries, seemingly the perfect instrument for fundamentalism. Already in control of most of the country, at this moment they are poised in full strength to overwhelm and drive into exile the remaining opposition. A charismatic anti-Taliban general, Ahmad Shah Masood, is making a last stand in the remote Panjshir valley. Several hundred thousand refugees have joined the two million and more who have already fled. All parties in this particularly frenzied phase of civil war are Muslims, but each has a different sectarian, ethnic, or tribal character. The more victorious the Sunni Taliban have been, the more they frighten their erstwhile patron, Shia Iran. Ironic and paradoxical as it might seem, the Iranians have threatened an invasion of Afghanistan in order to suppress the Taliban.

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**Tyranny, corruption, and injustice in the rulers and their clans impel the man on the street to look for an alternative.**

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Correspondingly, Sudan was perceived in Teheran as a base from which to spread out into Africa. The Iranians set up a training ground there for terror and subversion. The target was Algeria. The largest country in Africa, strategically placed, it is a major producer of oil and natural gas. Since colonial times, a growing middle class has been French-speaking, and Westernized. In order to gain independence from France, nationalists promised to introduce a European style of democracy. Once in power, though, they divided the spoils among themselves, flagrantly corrupt. Islamic fundamentalists were thus able to portray themselves as the party of honesty. They appeared certain to win elections in 1992, and form a government. The capture of such a country would have shifted the balance of power towards fundamentalism, in a way that would have been irreversible for many years. "One man, one vote. Once." Claiming that the Islamists would never relinquish power, the nationalists cancelled the election.

Pitiless fighting between the two sides broke out. Groups like the Islamic Salvation Front appear to have been advised, armed, and subsidized by Iran. Foreign observers or correspondents were not welcome. Press agencies were able to publish only brief summaries of the daily terror in this style: "In the bloodiest night of massacres in nearly a year, Muslim militants killed 81 people in a western mountain region, bringing to 200 the number of people killed this month. Residents recounted how the attackers slashed and mutilated infants and killed or kidnapped women." In cycles, one savagery provoked another. President Liamine Zeroual steadily reaffirmed that the way to deal with the Islamists was to kill them all. In the end, it is estimated that as many as 100,000 people, on all sides, have been killed.

Having fought the Islamists to a virtual standstill, Zeroual stood down this spring, to leave peacemaking to his successor. Six of the seven candidates for the presidency withdrew on the grounds that the election was rigged. The unopposed winner, Abdulaziz Bouteflika, is a nationalist with due credentials. Copying the example of Mubarak in Egypt, he proposed "to incorporate Islamists in the political system" and so "to support our march for civil concord." Floating the idea of a referendum, he was careful not to specify too much detail. Whatever the deal cut behind the scenes, the Islamist leadership backed Bouteflika. He released 5,000 militants from jail. The civil war is effectively over, and the status quo restored.

One by one, under compulsion to be sure, extremist Islamic groups everywhere are subsiding into political parties, or militias unable to operate of their own free will, proxies of some nationalist ruler. Hezbollah in Lebanon obeys Hafez Assad, the country's effective overlord. In the Gaza Strip, Yasser Arafat has supremacy over Hamas, whose bombings hitherto stood in the way of peace with Israel.

Islamic fundamentalists have evidently done widespread damage, and may still do more. But the movement has neither united Muslims nor realigned them against the West. The emotional embers of the movement remain, possibly to strike sparks. Tyranny, corruption, and injustice in the rulers and their clans impel the man in the street to look for an alternative. The absence of a state structure and civil society is a standing invitation to a careerist to play the Muslim card, in the manner of Khomeini and his imitators. If the Arab world is through the worst of the crisis, Muslims on the periphery of Islam—in the Caucasus and Central Asia—may still have civil war wished upon them by unscrupulous local politicians. Nobody will care, except perhaps ethnographers and other specialists.

Individuals no doubt perpetuate the mentality of the Muslim Brotherhood. Osama bin Laden with his Afghan retreat and fantasies straight out of a James Bond movie is rich enough to buy like-minded mercenaries. Killing some unlucky Westerners, their terrorist bombs give psychological satisfaction but are unable to rekindle subversion and civil war. Muslims themselves will have to deal with assorted extremists of the Sheikh al-Badry type, who can, and do, persecute free thinking, trying to ban books or paintings or the exchange of ideas. Mostly these are already cases for the police and the courts.

This leaves Iran itself to come to terms with the revolutionary wave it released. Lenin still rests embalmed in Red Square, Mao Tse-tung has his memorial in Beijing, and no doubt years more will have to pass before emancipated



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crowds remove Khomeini from the shrine where he is commemorated. On billboards in Teheran and elsewhere, his portrait looms as gaunt and forbidding in his black turban and robes as any Horseman of the Apocalypse. The outward forms survive, but much of the spirit of Islamic fundamentalism has already withered in Iran.

Iranians can see for themselves that they were used for an experiment in social engineering, obliged to substitute emotion for reality. Western democracy bears no relation to Khomeini's denigration of it. Given the choice, few would reject the medicine, education, and culture of the West, or the chance of a career there. Khomeini's resentment and hate of the West was primarily the expression of an inferiority complex, as severe as it was pointless. Attack was his defense. Most Iranians naturally find it unappealing, demeaning, to be ordered to see themselves in so negative and adversarial a light.

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**Iranians can see for themselves that they were used for an experiment in social engineering.**

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Finally, the clerics and policemen and executioners wear different clothing from the Shah and his men, but the despotism remains essentially the same, and the number of victims of arbitrary injustice is higher.

These days, the role and title of Righteous Guardian belong to Ayatollah Ali Khameini. Wherever possible, he has placed in positions of power mullahs and others whom he can trust. Against his expressed wishes, however, Mohammed Khatami was elected president in May 1997. The state has competing authorities, in effect factions. A turbaned cleric himself, Khatami nonetheless calls for a "healthy exchange of ideas" and projects himself as a moderate and a reformer. Khatami also puts his men into office. Ali Khameini's clients and Khatami's clients already struggle for power, arresting and imprisoning one another's newspaper and television editors, mayors and officials. Teheran students last month demonstrated in favor of Khatami. Ali Khameini's vigilantes opened fire, killing five and then arresting perhaps as many as 1,500.

Comparable abuses of power brought down the Shah, not least because the Western press used to emphasize them. Should the Righteous Guardian go the way of the Shah—one hopes without bloodshed—the protracted civil war can end where it began, and a modern Muslim society can replace it. **NR**


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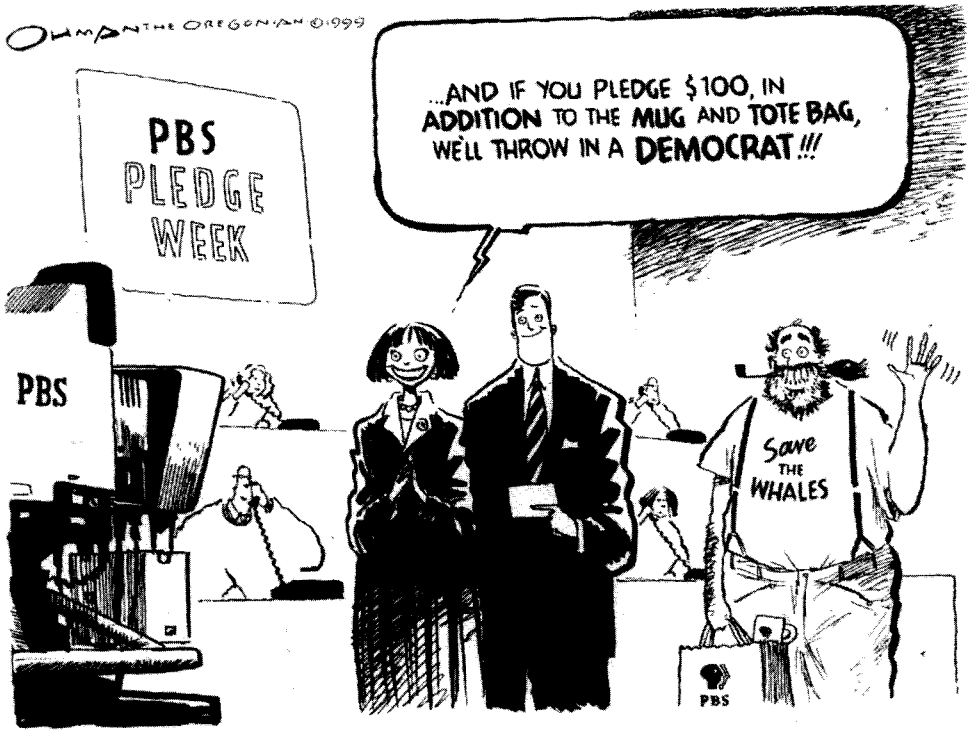
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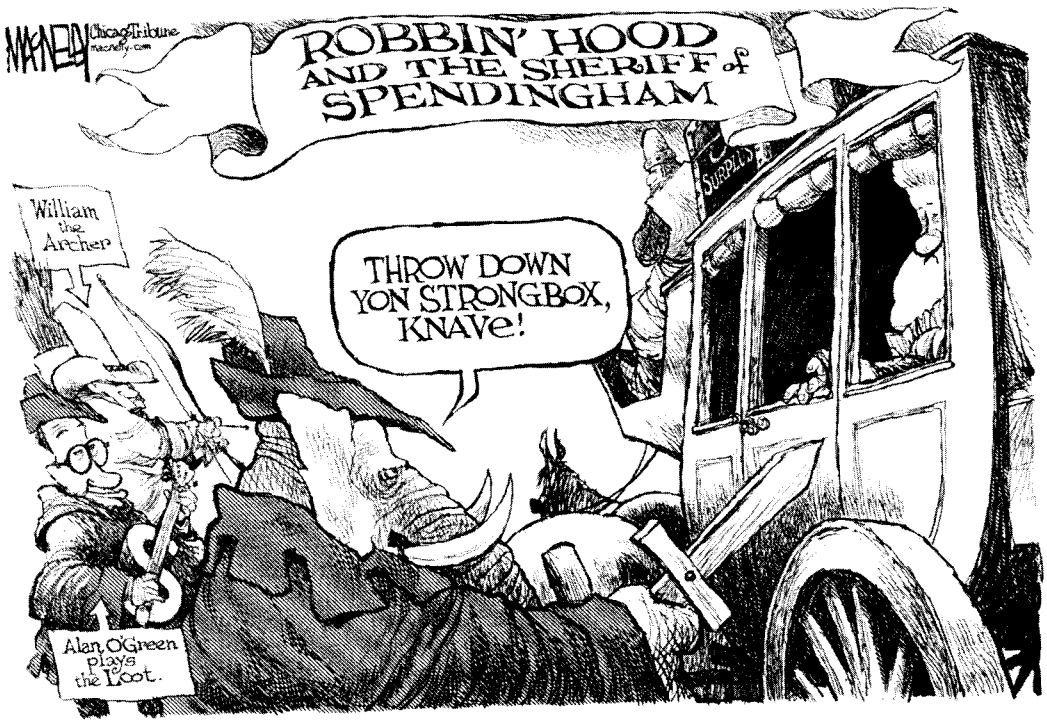
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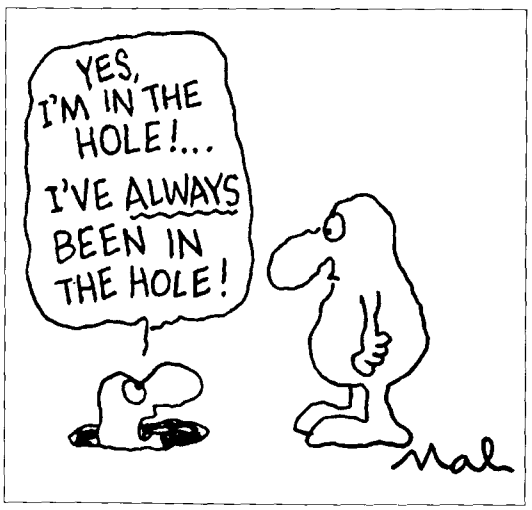


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MP: But how did you feel when you heard that your husband—a guy associated with environmental causes, a champion of the ecosystem—had actually flooded a river for a better photo-op?

TG: Well, I'm not sure he . . . I mean, he didn't know. I think you're going to find out . . . we're all going to find out . . . when this is all over.

MP: He didn't know they were going to flood the river?

TG: Of course he didn't, Marty. Of course he didn't.

MP: But it hurt him, politically, didn't it?

TG: I think when you bring up stuff like this . . . stuff like the river or whatever . . . you're really asking about the core person. About who Al Gore is. And I think . . . and he and I have talked about this . . . I think we're talking about a man who, at a very young age . . . I mean, let's remember here that this was a boy who grew up in a hotel. Literally! In a hotel! And I think that had a lot to do with the way he sees things. The way he sometimes will see something like . . . and I'm being hypothetical here, Marty . . . something like, say, flooding a river . . . as maybe the kind of thing that he learned was okay growing up in that hotel.

MP: Sort of like room service?

TG: Yeah. Yeah. Exactly. Room service. Like ordering breakfast or whatever.

MP: Let's talk for a minute about the fundraising scandal.

TG: Again, we're talking about a man who for many years was the second-in-command to one of the greatest fundraisers in the history of the Democratic party. That must have been crushing. Especially for an overachiever like Al. That was a form of abuse, I think. Those high expectations. Naturally, he was tempted to bend the rules.

MP: And when he called Bill Clinton, on the eve of his impeachment, one of America's "greatest presidents"?

TG: Well, again, caught between Mr. and Mrs. Clinton, the stresses of the situation . . . which in many ways, let's be honest, Marty, in many ways was abusive to the vice president . . . some form of abuse . . . he chose to support Bill during the crisis. You know, he was brought up to support "Daddy" in times of stress, and so that's what he did. But later, after the "Vietnam War," to continue the comparison, was over, he thought about it, and switched sides.

MP: That's when he called the president's behavior during the Monica Lewinsky scandal "inexcusable."

TG: Right. He switched back to "Mommy."

MP: I guess I'm not clear on what exactly you're saying. Are these missteps that your husband has made the result of some sort of . . . mental illness?

TG: Is it a mental illness? Okay. Yes! It's a mental illness.

MP: Are you saying that your husband, the vice president of the United States, is mentally ill?

TG: Well, isn't he?

MP: And you're speaking as . . . ?

TG: As a mental-health advocate. As a mental-health enthusiast. And as the wife of a mentally ill candidate. He grew up in a hotel—kind of like that little boy in *The Shining*, when you get right down to it. Caught between his demanding father—a senator! try living up to that one!—and a distant mother. You know, I've been asking around the various mental-health conferences that I attend, and when I describe Al's upbringing—you know, hotel, senator dad, the war, Harvard, the whole bit—they just all look at me and go, "Poor Tipper." But I don't think "Poor Tipper," okay? This is a great opportunity to talk about important issues. Which is why my mental-health initiative is so important.

MP: And this would explain his strange lie about the novel *Love Story* being based on you and Al? Because he's nuts?

TG: We don't like the word "nuts," Marty. We prefer the term "cognitive dysfunction."

MP: And that's why he claimed to have invented the Internet?

TG: Well, in that case, that was nuts. But I don't want to dwell on what's nuts and what isn't. Because properly medicated, Al could be a terrific candidate! And a fabulous president.



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# BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

## Hitchcock at 100

TERRY TEACHOUT

QUEEN VICTORIA was still on the throne when Sir Alfred Hitchcock was born in London a hundred years ago this month. A massively fat man of relentlessly old-fashioned demeanor, schooled by Jesuits and formal to the point of paralysis, he spent his entire adult life working in a medium that barely existed in 1899, but has since come to be regarded as the very essence of modernity. From 1939 until his death in 1980, he lived in Hollywood, a city that inverts every value of the lost world into which he was born. He made movies about secret agents and serial killers, and peopled them with debonair gentlemen who slept with cool blondes, thereby amusing millions of unsuspecting filmgoers with his own hopeless fantasies; he longed to be the witty, unflappable Cary Grant of *North by Northwest*, but knew he was really the Jimmy Stewart of *Vertigo*, haunted and desperate.

Today, when the tempo of cultural change has accelerated beyond the wildest dreams of the maddest prophets, Hitchcock remains a fixed star of American popular culture, the only director of his generation whose name is still as familiar to ordinary moviegoers as it is to the film-studies cranks who churn out ponderous tomes with titles like *Hitchcock as Activist: Politics and the War Films* and *Hitchcock's Bi-Textuality: Lacan, Feminisms, and Queer Theory*. But it was not always so. Witness, for instance, this testy review of *Secret Agent*, his 1936 adaptation of Somerset Maugham's *Ashenden*:

> His films consist of a series of small "amusing" melodramatic situations: the murderer's buttons dropped on the baccarat board; the strangled organist's hands prolonging the notes in the empty church; the fugitives hiding in the bell tower when the bell begins to swing. Very perfunctorily he builds up to these tricky situations (paying no attention on the way to inconsistencies, loose ends, psychological absurdities) and then drops them; they mean nothing: they lead to nothing.

This review, as it happens, was written by a novelist, Graham Greene, and it is interesting that he should point with distaste to the aspect of Hitchcock's work that is now most admired by critics: the fact that his movies deal primarily in images, not words. It isn't that his characters never say anything memorable. (Cary Grant, in *North by Northwest*: "Apparently the only performance that's going to satisfy you is when I play dead." James Mason: "Your very next role. You'll be quite convincing, I assure you.") But it is not what they say that we remember after the lights come up. An elegantly dressed man running through a deserted cornfield, chased by a renegade cropduster; a broken wine bottle that inexplicably proves to be filled with sand; the blankly staring eye of a woman lying dead in a running shower—such is the stuff of which a Hitchcock film is made, and next to it, everything else is window dressing.

Turner Entertainment Company

*Cary Grant runs for his life in* North by Northwest *(1959).*

Though only nine of his feature films were silent, Hitchcock was profoundly affected by the silent-film aesthetic, and spent the rest of his career trying to import it into the age of sound. It took him long enough—many of his pre-1950 films are quite talky—but by the time of *Strangers on a Train*, he had figured out how to structure his scripts so as to diminish sharply the importance of dialogue. Characteristic of Hitchcock is that so many of his strongest films pivot around a tiny plot twist, uninteresting in itself, that serves as a pretext to set the characters in motion, and even more so that those characters should not infrequently go through entire scenes without speaking a single word out loud. Typical, too, is the remark he made to Ernest Lehman, who wrote *North by Northwest*, midway through the shooting of that film:

> The audience is like a great organ that you and I are playing. At one moment we play *this* note on them and get *this* reaction, and then we play *that* chord and they react *that* way. And someday we won't even have to make a movie—there'll be electrodes implanted

Mr. Teachout, the music critic of *Commentary*, writes about film for *Crisis*.

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in their brains, and we'll just press different buttons and they'll go "ooooh" and "aaaah" and we'll frighten them, and make them laugh. Won't that be wonderful?

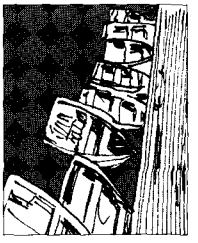
Hitchcock's image-oriented style cut against the grain of filmmaking in the '30s and '40s, which had been transformed almost beyond recognition by the coming of sound. It is no coincidence that radio, which flourished at the same time, made effective use of nearly every Hollywood star of the day; even *Citizen Kane*, a movie bristling with indelible images, was no less strongly influenced by Orson Welles's experience as a radio director. Small wonder that at a time when scripts were still known as "photoplays," Hitchcock's emphasis on the visual should have caused his work to be widely dismissed as mere light entertainment.

**Even the best of Hitchcock's films return again and again to the same short list of feelings: guilt, fear, longing.**

Not until the '60s, after European directors had taken the lead in pulling away from the traditional style of cinema that dominated Hollywood in its golden age, did Hitchcock begin to be acknowledged as a major figure. Yet the irony is that his sensibility is decidedly premodern, not merely in its silent-film roots, but also in its emotional tone. A movie like *Vertigo*, which at first glance appears to be a kind of film noir, actually differs greatly from such earlier examples of the genre as Jacques Tourneur's *Out of the Past* or Nicholas Ray's *In a Lonely Place* in that its mode of expression is essentially Gothic—even operatic.

Herein lies a crucial difference between the films of Hitchcock's major phase and the less mature ones that preceded them: Starting in 1954, he began to work with a composer capable of filling the empty spaces of his near-silent scenes with music fully in keeping with his own distinctive sensibility. To watch Ray's *On Dangerous Ground*, the lone film noir scored by Bernard Herrmann, is to realize what a difference his nervously yearning music made to *Vertigo*, *North by Northwest*, and *Psycho*, which are for all intents and purposes collaborations between Hitchcock and Herrmann. Remarkable as these films are, their impact would have been considerably diminished had the director instead been working with such talented but essentially conventional film composers as Roy Webb (who scored *Notorious*) or Dmitri Tiomkin (who scored *Shadow of a Doubt* and *Strangers on a Train*).

Significantly, only four of Hitchcock's earlier films—*Shadow of a Doubt*, *Notorious*, *Strangers on a Train*, and *Rear Window*—are comparable in force and concentration to the three key collaborations with Herrmann. That is not a very long list for a man who directed 55 movies in 51 years, and it leads one to view with suspicion the now-general consensus that his films are "great" works of art. To be sure, there are films as great as the greatest plays or operas or ballets, but fewer than is commonly thought; most people who write about movies, as John Simon has pointed out, are "enthusiasts or fantasts who either worship all films or conceive of film criticism as a means of justifying irrelevant cravings," and are thus inclined to ascribe greatness with ill-informed abandon. If *Strangers on a Train* is a "great" movie, then what adjective can rightly be used to describe, say, Jean Renoir's *The Rules of the Game*? Mega-great?



Measured against the golden yardstick of true greatness, Hitchcock comes up short. For all his undeniable gifts, he is too emotionally constricted, too obsessional, to be seriously compared to Shakespeare or Verdi or Balanchine (or Renoir, for that matter). His films, even the best of them, are melodramas played out on the narrowest of stages, returning again and again to the same short list of feelings. Guilt, fear, longing: We expect more of a genius than that. Yet his iconic images lodge permanently in the minds of all who see them, and surely that is a kind of greatness that cannot be denied. Call him, then, a major minor master, one who succeeded in spinning out of his tormented inner life a body of work incapable of expanding our own imaginative worlds, but that nonetheless retains its dreamlike power to frighten and enthrall. **NR**

# Swift Kicks

JOHN DERBYSHIRE

*Jonathan Swift: A Portrait*, by Victoria Glendinning (Holt, 324 pp., $35)

I RECENTLY wrote a magazine piece about global warming. Wondering what it would look like to a fully credentialed researcher in the field, I passed it, via a mutual friend, to a professor of oceanography at a university in Texas. In due course our intermediary brought back the answer: "Marci cannot respond to your article. She says she is too busy counting isotopes in the Carioco Trench." I could not help but smile at what came to mind: the Academy of Lagado in Book Three of *Gulliver's Travels*, where scholars occupy themselves with such projects as extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers.

That is the place Jonathan Swift occupies in the minds of, I think, most literate people. His great satire takes to preposterous extremes the weaknesses of humanity at large and supplies us with ready parallels for most of the instances of pride, folly, and cussedness that we encounter in our passage through the world.

The common conclusion taken from *Gulliver*, and from Swift's other works by the tiny *minority* who have read them, is that the man was a misanthrope. The other thing we think we know about him is that he had, as we say nowadays, a *problem* with body functions, most especially with those that expel waste matter. There is plenty of evidence for this in *Gulliver*, but even more in some of the lesser-known pieces. At Victoria Glendinning's prompting I have just read for the first and (I am determined) the last time Swift's poem "The Lady's Dressing Room," which tests to destruction the reader's tolerance for descriptions of sweat, snot, earwax, and "dandriff." It culminates with the hero, snooping round his absent sweetheart's dressing room, inspecting

Mr. Derbyshire is an NR contributing editor.



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# SATAN AND THE APOCALYPSE

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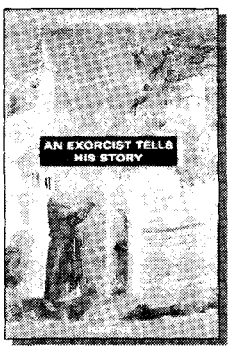


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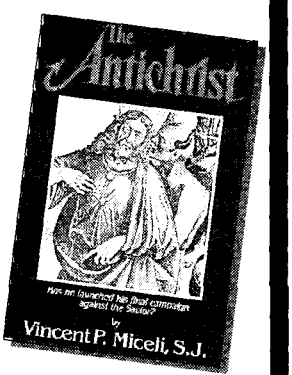


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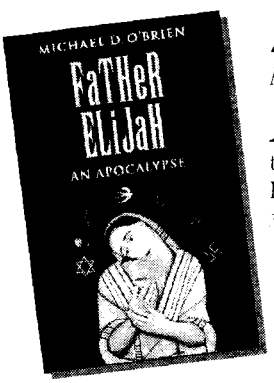


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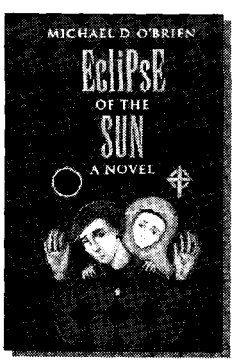


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the contents of her commode, after which he flees from the scene, " . . . Repeating in his amorous fits, Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia sh**s!"

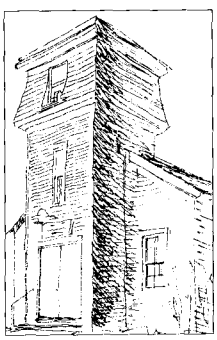
Glendinning puts all of this into perspective in her new biography. Born in Dublin in 1667, Swift grew up seeing nothing of either parent. His father had already been dead some months; his mother went to England a year or so later, leaving him in the care of a nurse

■

**Jonathan Swift had, as we say nowadays, a *problem* with body functions.**

■

for his entire childhood. (Not an uncommon arrangement in those days; Sir Isaac Newton had a similar history. Maternal affection seems to have been at a low ebb in 17th-century England.) After 20 years of fruitlessly seeking preferment, Swift basked briefly in the spotlight during the last four years of Queen Anne's reign, the Indian summer of Stuart Toryism, when he served Anne's senior ministers in the capacity of—as Glendinning puts it with fair accuracy—a spin doctor. When Anne died and the Ministry fell in 1714, Swift took himself off to Dublin and spent the rest of his life there as dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral (which was a Church of Ireland—i.e., Anglican—establishment).



Swift's exaggerated aversion to the grimier physiological processes extended to unpleasantness of every kind. When an old friend fell ill while staying at Swift's house, Swift turned him out very brusquely. When Esther Johnson—the person who meant more to Swift than any other in his life—was dying, he refused to go to see her: "I would not for the universe be present at such a trial of seeing her depart." The fact that his presence might be some comfort to the dying woman seems not to have crossed his mind. "What is this world," asked Swift in a letter to a friend, "without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune can make it? . . . I conform myself to [it] for my own ease." This was seemingly a very selfish man, who valued other people for their contributions to his "ease"—and who, when a person ceased thus to contribute, wished that person gone.

Not that Swift was altogether unfeeling. He was possessed of at least one strong emotion, the one specified in the famous epitaph he chose for himself: "Here lies the body of Jonathan Swift, . . . where savage indignation can no longer lacerate his heart." But whence arose that *saeva indignatio*, in a soul so concerned with its own comfort? From pride, says Glendinning—the defensive pride of one unloved as a child and disappointed in his salad days. Hence also his strange, arms-length relations with women: Swift may have lived and died a virgin for all we know to the contrary. "No one must have power over him," writes Glendinning, "the power to melt self-possession, the power to hurt."

I think there were other elements involved. To be as intelligent and perceptive as Jonathan Swift is to be very lonely in the world. Every reflective person is taken at one time or another with very uncharitable feelings towards the great dull-witted mass of humanity, towards their obstinate folly and ignorant pride. As Swift put it: "The bulk of mankind is as well qualified for flying as thinking." And then he was a Christian, a point Glendinning seems to have missed. Dr. Johnson, who sat with men who had sat with Swift, thought he was a very pious man. Swift, said Johnson, out of his great dread of hypocrisy, "instead of wishing to seem better . . . delighted in seeming worse than he was." Johnson then offers some evidence of Swift's piety and of his strenuous efforts to hide it. The tension between Our Lord's injunction to love our fellow men and the actual character of those men—and of oneself—as seen through eyes as unillusioned as Swift's, is sufficient, I think, to account for most of the writer's many contradictions.

Glendinning supplies the necessary facts of Swift's life, but I do not believe she has given us the man. Mainly this is the fault of her style, or of my reaction to it. It is a style of "popular biography" that takes its cue from *People* magazine and the Arts & Entertainment Channel. The book's organization is more thematic than strictly chronological. Too many sentences start with conjunctions; too many have no verb. "Swift fretted because [Esther Johnson] did not eat. But he must in his heart have known what was gnawing at her. Vanessa." This kind of thing will do very well for Elizabeth Taylor, but a subject as remote from our own time and as difficult to fathom as Jonathan Swift needs more serious treatment. **NR**

# Faux Britannia

ROGER KIMBALL

*England, England*, by Julian Barnes (Knopf, 275 pp., $23)

If the word "postmodern" makes your heart go pit-a-pat, you will probably love *England, England*, Julian Barnes's latest pomo effort. It's full of all the clever things that have made Barnes such a darling of the academically inclined lit-crit crowd. In *Flaubert's Parrot* (1984), he dazzled susceptible souls by combining some knowing stretches of biographical and literary-critical material about Gustave Flaubert with the story of an aging doctor's quest to find the real stuffed parrot featured in Flaubert's story "*Un coeur simple*." Now, six or seven books later, after most of his readers have had a chance to wake up again, Barnes has produced a mildly dystopian fantasy full of profundities about the unreliability of memory and the transformation of history into kitsch. Sample from the book's opening pages:

> If memory wasn't a thing but a memory of a memory, mirrors set in parallel, then what your brain told you now about what it claimed had happened then would be colored by what had happened in between. It was like a country remembering its history: The

Mr. Kimball is managing editor of *The New Criterion*.



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# The Ugly Truth About the Government's War on Drugs and How It Threatens America's Men and Women

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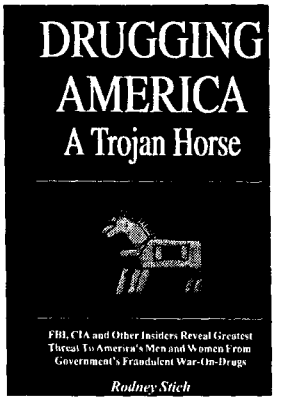
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past was never just the past, it was what made the present able to live with itself. The same went for individuals, though the process obviously wasn't straightforward.

Quite a few people, I'm told, enjoy reading novelists who ventilate in this fashion. So it's no wonder that *England, England* was short-listed for the Booker Prize.

Set in the near future, it tells the tale of Martha Cochrane, "a clever girl, and therefore not a [religious] believer," and Sir Jack Pitman, a Robert Maxwell-like egomaniacal media baron who "believed

■

**Julian Barnes's latest effort is full of all the clever things that have made him a darling of the lit-crit crowd.**

■

in putting other people's money where his own mouth was." Sir Jack is well into middle age; he has clawed his way from nothing to the top of a thriving business empire, but he feels stale. He needs one last triumph, "a Ninth Symphony," to remind the world of his prowess. He consults a famous public-relations guru who tells him, "We must sell our past to other nations as their future!"

Thus is born the idea of transforming the Isle of Wight in the English Channel into a gigantic theme park, seceding from England and recreating all that was most picturesque and tourist-worthy about "old England." "In the old days," announces a gushing press report on The Island (as it comes to be called), "if you wanted to see Westminster Abbey, you had to go to Westminster Abbey." In England, England (its official name), you will get Westminster Abbey before breakfast and Robin Hood and His Merrie Men by lunchtime.

Sir Jack and his team, which includes a cynical but yearning Martha Cochrane, draw up a list of the 50 things people think of first when they think of England. The list begins with the Royal Family, Big Ben/Houses of Parliament, Manchester United Football Club, and the Class System, and ends with Flagellation/Public Schools, Not Washing/Bad Underwear, Magna Carta. Sir Jack, as he repeatedly says, is a "family man" (though one, it turns out, with a peculiar and blackmailable kink), so this stupendous effort to provide the public with Quality Leisure downplays the flagellation and bad-underwear themes.

Otherwise, all that is quaintest about England is recreated on the island. "Manchester would play all its home fixtures at the Island's Wembley, the matches being replayed immediately afterwards at Old Trafford by substitute teams, who would produce the same result. They had failed to get any members of Parliament; but even half-trained, a bunch of resting actors were proving indistinguishable from the real thing." One can go to a pub and have dinner with Dr. Johnson. The Island's only paper is called *The Times of London*. Even the royal family is enticed to leave London and come to live in a half-sized but "fully modernized Buck House," where they wave at tourists from 11:00 to 11:15 every morning but are free from the salacious curiosity of journalists.

Meanwhile, the real England, deprived of tourism, declines into premodern anarchy. It's a droll idea. And given the extent to which England has taken to cannibalizing its past for the sake of "heritage," it's pertinent, too. But what might have been a pleasing *jeu d'esprit* becomes in Julian Barnes's hands a pretentious and essentially narcissistic exercise. *England, England* is intermittently amusing, but finally founders on its author's craving to be thought clever. Early in the book, a "French intellectual" is wheeled on to lecture us about the appeal of the ersatz: "Now, the question to be asked is, why is it that we prefer the replica to the original? Why does it give us the greater *frisson*?" We don't, and it doesn't, which is why reading *England, England* is more a chore than a pleasure. **NR**

# Anti-Depressant

HOLMAN W. JENKINS JR.

*The Return of Depression Economics*, by Paul Krugman (Norton, 176 pp., $23.95)

THE world economy has been looking up since this book went to press. Asia shows signs of bouncing back. The U.S. somehow keeps chugging along. So this might not seem the most promising moment to launch a tome called *The Return of Depression Economics*, even a tome as blessedly concise and breezy as this one. But what the heck? Paul Krugman is not predicting another depression, just the revival of a school of thought dealing with the question of how to prevent another depression.

To oversimplify, the recurrent problem of the past 30 years has been too much money chasing too few goods. Some observers would blame government deficit spending and consumers eager to live it up on credit. Some would also blame tax disincentives and regulatory policies that discourage production. In any case, the overall tendency was toward inflation and stagnation—culminating in the "stagflation" of the late 1970s.

Krugman raises the question of whether the problem today is just the opposite: too much supply and not enough demand. If so, this carries a risk.

Though Krugman does not dwell on the word "deflation," that's what he's talking about. In the 1930s, bank failures, unemployment, and "fear itself" undermined the willingness of consumers and businesses to spend. In our more closely interlinked world, a mild version of "fear itself" seems to have laid hold of the Japanese, who have refused since the 1990s to soak up their share of the world's goods and services. They are aging; they may simply be nervous about the future; whatever the reason, the

Mr. Jenkins is a member of the *Wall Street Journal*'s editorial board.



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Japanese reluctance to spend was causing trouble for the smaller Asian economies even before the meltdown of the last two years.

Then in mid 1997 things got much worse. Fast-growing countries like Thailand, Indonesia, and Malaysia were hit by a modern version of that Depression-era curse, the bank run. Foreign investors suddenly pulled out their money and went home. Currencies

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**For Paul Krugman, the 'main failing' of the Asian economies was their 'vulnerability to self-fulfilling panic.'**

■

plummeted. Banks failed. Businesses went belly up because they no longer could pay back their foreign loans.

Why did this happen? Corruption and cronyism have been popular villains in the Western press, but Krugman isn't buying: "There were real failings in these economies," he writes, "but the main failing was a vulnerability to self-fulfilling panic."

So now we have large numbers of Asian consumers dropping out of the global bazaar. The only thing keeping the world economy afloat has been U.S. and European consumers. What might cause Western publics suddenly to ratchet back their spending too, inviting the danger of global depression?

How about the sort of financial meltdown nearly set off by the collapse last year of Long Term Capital Management, the big New York hedge fund that was gambling with $100 billion in borrowed money? Had the Federal Reserve not organized a bailout, a panic liquidation of the hedge fund's huge bond portfolio might have crashed the world's markets, toppled banks, and killed the confidence of consumers to keep spending.

Because of the "stagflation" of the 1970s, we have all the wrong instincts in place to deal with such potential problems, Krugman writes. We've become too enamored of monetary discipline, of central bankers who refuse to print money to paper over fundamental economic problems. In Japan, exactly what's needed today is a bit of monetary indiscipline: a deliberate, advertised policy of inflation. Then the Japanese would face the choice of spending their savings or seeing them eaten up by rising prices. If the U.S. or Western Europe were faced with a financial panic presaging a similar slump in consumer demand, we would be well advised to adopt the same policy: Damn the inflation torpedoes, flood the banks with liquidity (central banks do this by "creating" money and using it to buy bonds from the public).

In making out these prescriptions, Krugman is hardly the radical he seems to think he is. Pundits he would consider ideological Neanderthals have been arguing for years that Japan needs to run the printing presses to get out of its slump. Likewise, when the U.S. stock market crashed in 1987, Fed chairman Alan Greenspan made plenty of credit available to keep the banks alive and stop the ripples from reaching the larger economy.

Meanwhile, when it comes to the problem most bedeviling policymakers who worry about a world depression—what to do about developing countries whose "main failing was a vulnerability to self-fulfilling panic"—Krugman admits to holding the same muddled views as do most economists. If countries are going to devalue their currencies, they shouldn't botch the job. If they are going to place limits on foreign investors, they should do it with a light hand.

But Krugman overlooks the crucial question of whether such nations are getting their domestic politics right. Investors in the Asian countries may finally have bolted out of panic. But China and Indonesia were facing monumental and uncertain political transitions. The Japanese had dumped their one-party state after 40 years but had stalled on the way to something else. Malaysia was becoming more autocratic by the day. Thailand's rowdy democracy had devolved into a bidding war between shifting factions of cronies.

As these countries were reaching for the next stage of development, what investors heard was a growing rant about "Asian values" and the obsolescence of the Western model. Krugman gripes about a "double standard" because the same investors who abandoned the Asian "tigers" have been happy to stick with Australia despite its yo-yoing currency. But investors know that Australia isn't about to abandon the basic game plan of democracy, rule of law, and property rights. Maybe that's the real message of the Asian crisis, a message critical to the future prospects not only of Asia, but of the West, too. **NR**

■ **MUSIC** ■

# A Long Way from Leipzig

JAY NORDLINGER

*Carmel-by-the-Sea, Calif.*

THE world is dotted with summer music festivals, but could any be more enticingly named than the Carmel Bach Festival? I mean, really: the holiest music there is, performed and venerated in what may be the most beautiful setting there is. It seems too good to be true. But it *is* true. And not bad.

Carmel may be thought of as the capital of the Monterey Peninsula. Its Bach festival, a proud tradition, has been going on since 1935, when an archetypal area couple (Sapphic) established it. The peninsula may at first seem an incongruous backdrop, however lovely, for the Cantor of Leipzig: the crashing Pacific, the Pebble Beach golf course, Clint Eastwood, and all that. But everything goes swimmingly. The symbol of the festival—ubiquitous, on every scrap of paper, and banners throughout town—is the standard portrait of Bach, but with the master decked out in sunglasses. A more appropriate symbol can hardly be imagined.

The festival—which is "mostly Bach," in the way that another, better-known festival in New York is "Mostly Mozart"—offers an extensive program, including orchestral concerts, oratorio and cantata performances, recitals, lectures, and master classes. People gather here from all over the world, and some make a summer habit of it. There is a relaxed, contented feeling over the whole affair. One man has been attend-



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ing the festival just about his entire life, and he refers to it as his "summer camp." He couldn't bear his year without it. Many others speak of the festival as a kind of spiritual retreat.

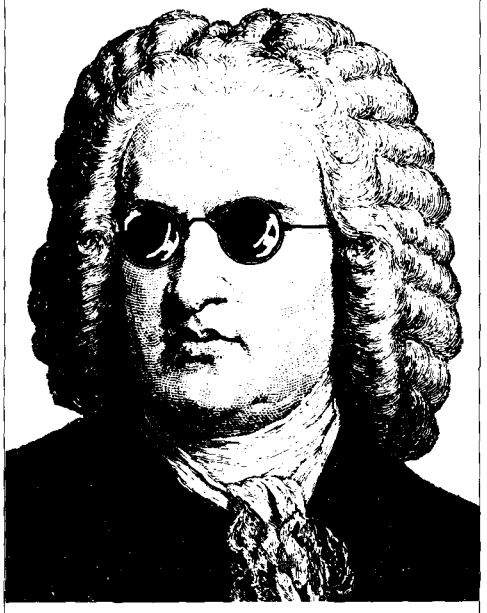
The festival-goers are a motley crowd: There are the proudly rich, tooling around in their swank Porsches; there are elderly—not aging, but truly elderly—hippies, with pure white hair and psychedelic headbands; there are blue-robed nuns from the local mission; there are pilgrim-like music-worshipers, after their Baroque high; and, every great while, though he's mainly a jazz fan, there is the ex-mayor, Eastwood. Everyone is remarkably nice, simply glad to be here. The veteran volunteer ushers may lead you to the wrong seat, but they smile warmly while doing so.

**The holiest music there is, performed in what may be the most beautiful setting there is.**

Presiding over the festivities is the music director, Bruno Weil, a classic *Kapellmeister* from Bach's homeland. He boasts solid musical instincts, abundant energy, and a world-class combover; his gemütlich leadership infuses every major performance. The first concert I attend opens with a Bach chorale arranged for string orchestra by Max Reger. It sounds under-rehearsed, and the players' intonation is a mess. What follows, however—Bach's treatment of the Pergolesi *Stabat Mater*—is a complete success. It features first-rate singing by the soprano Kendra Colton and the mezzo-soprano Catherine Robbin. Colton's is not an ideal voice; it tends to turn strident and metallic in the upper register, and she could afford to let a little more bloom into it. But she is a correct, intelligent singer, which is worth gold. Robbin has an elegant, dusky sound—occasionally a bit hooded—and she, too, knows her way around Bach. Her singing is admirably unforced: She does no more than she can, and she does all that is required.

The second half of the concert presents a delicious, ebullient work: *La serva padrona* (*The Maid as Mistress*), a one-act, two-singer opera by Pergolesi, semi-staged here. The baritone is Sanford Sylvan, an experienced and creditable singer who is not in top form during this stretch of the festival. He has a lovely, rounded sound, but he often deploys it imprecisely. His Pergolesi is somewhat diffuse when it should be sharply etched. The opera, incidentally, is performed here in English translation—which is great for the audience's comprehension, but not without cost: The composer's notes really demand the Italianate syllables for which they were written.

The *serva padrona* herself is the soprano Rosa Lamoreaux, a singer known for early and Baroque music who is currently making waves with a recording of



*Carmel's Bach—way cool*

Hildegard of Bingen, a 12th-century abbess now in vogue. She is, I confess, a friend of mine (Rosa, not Hildegard)—but that makes it no less true that she is a musician of superb judgment, exquisite voice, and all-capable technique. Readers are invited to discover so for themselves.

Maestro Weil begins the following night with Bach's Orchestral Suite No. 3 in D, and it is—ghastly. Coarse, ragged, offensive. The much-loved Air—known as the "Air on the G String"—is positively sickly. Moments later, however, it is a different orchestra, with Prokofiev's Symphony No. 1 (the "Classical"). Ensembleship has settled in. The performance is taut, even polished. Such are the vagaries of concert life.

We then have a Bach cantata, and the "Festival Chorale," especially, is arrestingly good. They are crisp, in balance, and obviously well trained by their director, Bruce Lamott. A crack chorus is, sad to say, an increasingly rare commodity. The group shines again the next afternoon in Bach's Christmas Oratorio, a sublime work, too seldom heard in its entirety. The Carmel forces deliver an honorable account of it. Standing out is the tenor Alan Bennett, a teacher at Indiana University, whose singing is amazingly creamy, smooth as silk.

These large concerts take place in the town's main auditorium, but many of the recitals are heard in the Carmel Mission, founded in the 1770s by the controversial saint-to-be Junipero Serra. This is a marvelous setting for music-making, and 11 o'clock in the morning happens to be a most satisfying time for an organ recital. The performer is Andrew Arthur, an Englishman, and although his fingerwork is faulty and his rhythmic sense imperfect, he acquits himself decently. He plays ample Bach, and also a fantasia of Buxtehude, the composer-organist who lit a spark in Bach. Every musical child learns (or used to learn) the tale of the young Bach hitchhiking—by wagon, presumably—some 200 miles to hear Buxtehude play.

Master classes—for singers, not instrumentalists—unfold in a program named for Virginia Best Adams. She is a cherished local resident, nearing 100, and the widow of Ansel. She was a contralto, he was a pianist (when he wasn't fiddling in his darkroom), and they were both patrons of the festival. In addition, an outside group is brought in now and then, and this year it is Chanticleer, an all-male outfit on the model of the King's Singers (though, at twelve, twice as large). They specialize in liturgical music, and their presentation has touches of genuine profundity.

Everyone, of course, loves a summer festival: The weather is nice, school is out, people are on vacation, and all seems well with the world. Yet one gratifying thing about music, of course, is that it has no need of external enhancements—it holds its greatness within it-



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self. The Christmas Oratorio ought to be just as transformative on your Walkman as you hurry across Times Square as it is in the most sacred of spots—and it is.

Nevertheless, the Carmel Bach Festival is as gladdening as its name. It is executed at a high level. At its best moments, it is inspiring, restorative. We're a long way from Leipzig, but, oh, it's right, and Bach would have loved it. **NR**

■ FILM ■

# From Crown to Crowe

JOHN SIMON

WHY was it deemed necessary to remake ***The Thomas Crown Affair***? Because only the basic idea survives in the script by Leslie Dixon and Kurt Wimmer, it may have been thought that new mediocrity grafted on the old would yield something superior. The millionaire Thomas Crown has been upgraded to a billionaire (Pierce Brosnan); instead of robbing a bank for fun, he now absconds with a million-dollar Monet from the Metropolitan Museum to add to his fabulous art collection; and the beautiful insurance investigator (Rene Russo) now has much more explicit on-screen sex with him than just a suggestive game of chess. But fluff is still fluff.

The highly complicated art theft is reasonably ingeniously written, and tautly directed by John McTiernan. But here, too, a couple of obvious loopholes (briefcases are not allowed into the museum) undercut the excitement. This time the team of robbers is Romanian, but otherwise conforms to the formula of swarthy faces and arcane lingo. McCann, the police detective in charge (Denis Leary), is obligatorily less acute, astute, and sophisticated than Catherine Banning, the insurance company's investigator, but is allowed to partially redeem himself in the end. His obligatory black sidekick is nicely played by Frankie Faison.


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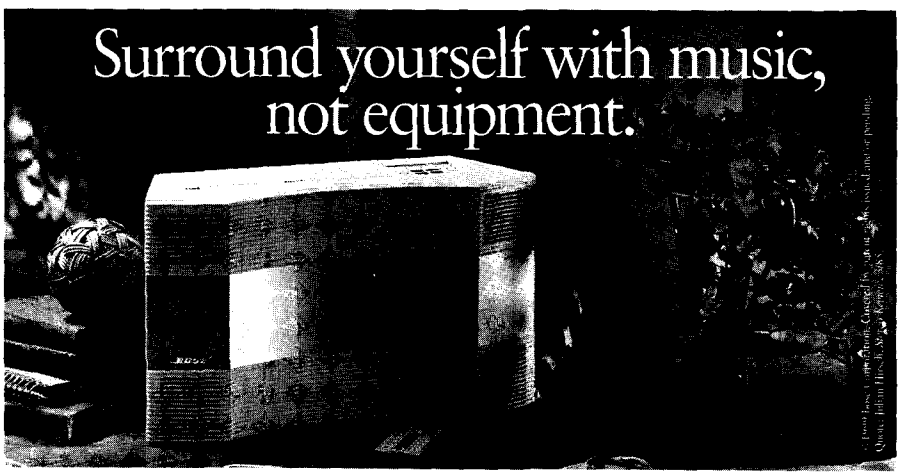

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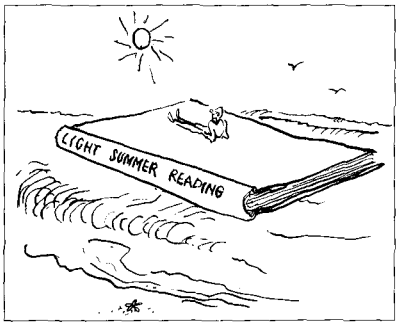
Pretty soon it becomes a battle of wits between Thomas and Catherine, which gradually turns from a cat-and-mouse into a bunnies-in-bed game, filmed with partial frontal nudity for the stars, and total rear nudity for body doubles. Much hyped is Rene Russo's being 45, the nudity of a mature body presumably guaranteeing mature filmmaking. An added incentive is the lush cinematography, as what is now doubly an affair progresses to Caribbean locations. Annoying, though, is the cheap trick whereby Catherine becomes jealous of a sultry, slinky blonde who keeps popping up in Thomas's life (the model Esther Cañadas), who, in turn, pouts jealously, although there is eventually a perfectly harmless—and perfectly improbable—explanation for it all.

Of course, *The Thomas Crown Affair* is not to be taken seriously for a nanosecond; we are merely supposed to take a bath in luxe and visual opulence, and bask in the ploys and counterploys as a pair of romantic smoothies inches toward the inevitable supercute ending. Much depends on the allure of and chemistry between the two stars, neither of whom strikes me as quite right. Brosnan looks a bit too vacuously fashion-model pretty, and rings a tad too unresonant. Sean Connery, advanced age notwithstanding, did a similar gig with far more substance and sexiness in the recent *Entrapment*.




As for Rene Russo, who indeed was a fashion model, I always found her off-putting. Her angular face, rather foursquare figure, low voice, and somewhat mannish demeanor—even the masculine name, Rene rather than Renée—had overtones of the transvestite, if not the transsexual. Here she manages to be a trifle more feminine, and her acting is not bad, yet I can think of many others more suited to the role. At least she is more appealing than Faye Dunaway, dragged in as an homage to her having played the lead in the 1968 version. She plays Crown's analyst, in getup and performance as unconvincing as her dialogue. And why would Thomas need a shrink, anyway?

■ I am by temper disinclined to sympathize with movies of a mystical bent, especially since movie mysticism is several notches below most other kinds. The *unio mystica* is imperfectly conveyed by a couple of hours of lurid plotting and sensationalistic images.

But there is that craving in people for more than pragmatic, palpable, everyday reality. Few are untempted by transcorporal, parapsychological, suprarational images that seem to slake the thirst for metaphysical transcendence. Though alternative worlds are currently favored, even primitive ghost stories often do the trick. ***The Sixth Sense***, written and directed by the 28-year-old M. Night Shyamalan, is such a one.

Of Indian parentage but growing up in Philadelphia, Shyamalan seems to have received Catholic schooling. I have not seen either his *Wide Awake* or his debut feature, *Praying with Anger*, though that title tickles me. In *The Sixth Sense*, he tells of Dr. Malcolm Crowe, a happily married child psychologist. About to cozy up to his wife on the conjugal bed, he is suddenly confronted from the bathroom by Vincent Gray, a creepy-looking former patient whom he apparently badly failed professionally. In a long-delayed revenge, Gray shoots Crowe, then kills himself. But Crowe seemingly survives, and the film chronicles his attempt to make posthumous amends to Gray by helping Cole Sear, a deeply troubled eight-year-old.

Cole, it emerges, can see and hear the dead, who come to him for help or, sometimes, just to scare him, something he dares not confess to anyone. Some of these are newly dead, others are historic revenants, like the hanged family of three dangling in a doorway. Just why they single out Cole is left open, but this seems to be a quasi-autobiographical fantasy, and it figures that the dead would seek out a man who is Night to his friends. M. Night Shyamalan sheds darkness equitably all around; his child hero is Cole (as in coal), his principal adult is Crowe, and his shootist is (presumably Oxford) Gray.

I must not reveal to you why Crowe and the tormentedly uncommunicative Cole hit it off so well so quickly, the boy previously not opening up even to his sympathetic, much put-upon mother, who misunderstands his oddness. But the air is rife with misunderstandings, not least those of the author. Night conceives an award-winning psychologist as someone who is thrown by an elementary Latin phrase (in a Catholic church, Cole exclaims, *De profundis clamo ad te*), and who must consult a rather simplistic textbook on child psychology. The idea for the film may have come to Night from Ambrose Bierce's famous short story "Incident at Owl Creek," or its superb movie version by Robert Enrico, a short film worth ten full-length efforts such as *The Sixth Sense*.

■

**Haley Joel Osment, only eight, enriches every scene he's in and helps elicit a respectable performance from Bruce Willis.**

■

There are, however, some extenuating circumstances, chief among them the performance of eleven-year-old Haley Joel Osment as eight-year-old Cole. The young actor is spookily good, scarily adult for his age, with a face that can seamlessly go from being three years younger to being as old and tragic as time itself. In fact, Osment reminded me of Little Father Time in Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*, a child well beyond precocity, delving into ancient doom. Osment's presence enriches every scene this fully mature actor is in, and doubtless helps elicit a respectable performance from Bruce Willis as Crowe.

We get high-level work also from the Australian Toni Collette as Cole's mother, and a couple of others. Tak Fujimoto's cinematography is splendid as always. Philadelphia provides some catchy exteriors, but Fujimoto knows also how to infuse an interior with an eerie glow or, alternatively, with a succulent, tangible roundedness your taste buds can feel as vividly as your palms. And, for once, even the hokey score by James Newton Howard works, a phenomenon so rare from this routineer as to seem almost supernatural.



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■ In the, alas, unlikely case that you can catch the Yugoslav film ***Cabaret Balkan*** (formerly *The Powder Keg*), by Goran Paskaljevic, do so. With implacable honesty, grotesquely comic heightening, commanding direction and performances, it explains more about recent events than all you have read in the papers or seen on TV. **NR**

■ **DELECTATIONS** ■

# Chefs d'Œuvre

LINDA BRIDGES

AFTER a strenuous session with the Zagat restaurant guide, our colleague John O'Sullivan will sometimes come up for air asking, "What is your favorite restaurant in the world?"

The first few times, I tried hard to answer, but I finally realized that it could not be done. There are some questions in life that must be answered once and for all (or at any rate once at a time): whom to marry; of what religious body to be a member; until recently, of what country to be a citizen. But not, What is your favorite restaurant (novel, opera, flower)? There we may enjoy a wide variety with no trace of disloyalty.

And so, What are your favorite restaurants? is a question I love to answer: Nicola Paone here in Manhattan, the Capannina in Cortina d'Ampezzo, the Isle de France and the Swisspot in Stowe, Vermont, the Perle du Lac in Geneva, the Boule d'Or in Paris . . . But very high on any such list would be Rundles in Stratford, Ontario.

Twenty-some years ago a young Irishman, James Morris, armed with formal training in hotel and restaurant management and several years' experience in Ireland and England, decided to see what Canada might have to offer. He settled in Toronto and, the theater being one of his great loves, frequently drove down the highway to Stratford during the Festival season. Before long, the thought had occurred to him: You couldn't *possibly* fail opening a restaurant here.

That was the period when Clive Barnes, then chief theater critic for the *New York Times*, would begin his annual review of the Stratford season by lambasting the city for its culinary deficiencies. And agree with him or not on the plays, he had the restaurants dead to rights. If you weren't into "Chinese-Canadian cuisine" and you couldn't enjoy a cheerful but third-rate steakhouse more than once a visit, you were pretty much out of luck.

Suddenly in the late Seventies—roughly coinciding with the arrival of Robin Phillips as artistic director of the theater company—Stratford became nothing less than a gastronomic destination, with The Church, The Old Prune, and Mr. Morris's Rundles all opening within two years' time.

■

**Rundles's contribution to the general good does not stop with pleasing diners at its own tables.**

■

The atmosphere at Rundles has always been delightful in a theatrical way, but I can't honestly say I remember details about the food before Neil Baxter—a young Englishman whose training included stints in France at Jamin, Taillevent, and Les Frères Troisgros—arrived as chef de cuisine in 1981.

My regard for Mr. Baxter approximates that of Bertie Wooster for his Aunt Dahlia's chef, Anatole: I will trustingly eat, from his kitchen, combinations of ingredients that, in other hands, make me wonder how long the taste for fusion can last. If I have some nostalgia for the days before Mr. Baxter went heavily into North African and Far Eastern seasonings—the days when he gave us salmon strudel with *beurre blanc* or braised garlic with goat cheese or *salade tiède avec cuisses de caille*—well, he may come back in that

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direction eventually. And meanwhile the twice-cooked lamb shanks, chicken tagine, and, always, the lemon tart will keep me going.

But Rundles's contribution to the general good does not stop with pleasing diners at its own tables. It also runs (in partnership with The Old Prune) the Stratford Chefs School. During a visit to Stratford last summer I asked Mr. Morris what had persuaded him to start the school. The answer was, to my great surprise, the urging of the Ontario government.

When Rundles started up, it routinely hired European personnel, men and women who regard restaurant work as a serious craft.

Why don't you hire Canadians? an Ontario official asked one day.

Because they aren't properly trained, said Jim Morris.

Why don't you train them? asked the official.

Because it would cost too much, said Mr. Morris.

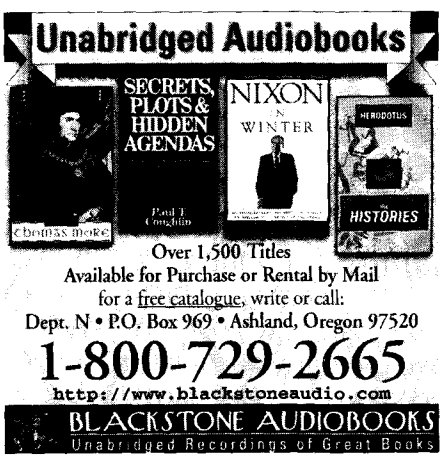
What if we help pay? asked the official.

I'll go to the drawing-board, said Mr. Morris.

By 1983 the school was up and running. Mr. Morris stresses that it is a *chefs'* school, not a school where home cooks refine their skills. While giving an elegant dinner party for 12 or a bang-up cocktail reception for 50 requires a great deal of logistical skill, it is a *different* skill from that employed in feeding 150 people a choice of dishes within a two-hour time slot—and doing that six nights a week. Just the heat of a restaurant kitchen has undone some very talented cooks.

From November to March, while the Festival hibernates, the school is in full swing, with rigorous classes taught by the restaurants' personnel and by guest teachers. During the season, the students apprentice at the restaurants themselves. Some of the school's graduates find permanent slots in Stratford; others have gone out throughout Canada and the United States (including Ellen Greaves at the Tea Box in Manhattan).

Looking over the lineup for the Stratford Festival's current season, I noticed that, in several must-see productions, some of the leading roles are taken by actors who began as very young apprentices and have, as company director Richard Monette once put it, grown up before our very eyes. It's good to know that the meals between performances will also be musts, and that the Chefs School is also training future stars. **NR**



## ■ BOOKS IN BRIEF ■

*The Twilight of the Intellectuals: Culture and Politics in the Era of the Cold War*, by Hilton Kramer (Ivan R. Dee, 363 pp., $27.50)

THIS is a collection of essays that results in much more than its individual parts. As in Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age*, for example, or Trilling's *Liberal Imagination*, the parts speak one with the other to produce a conversation of remarkable power. Hilton Kramer's previous books have been confined mostly to art criticism. Had he written primarily about literature he probably would now command the rather large audience that Trilling at least once enjoyed, for his mind is of comparable force. In this book we find important considerations of the art critics Clement Greenberg and Meyer Schapiro, but most of the book deals with literature and culture in general, reflecting Kramer's urgent concerns of recent years. Centrally, it has to do with the damaging effect of the progressive paradigm on a variety of writers or, as in the title, some "intellectuals." The progressive paradigm is nicely defined by some sentences he quotes from Diana Trilling:

> If we can say, as I think we can, that before this century the source of all political idealism was (however remotely) religion, I think we can also say that in our own century the source of all political idealism has been socialism, and, since the Russian Revolution, specifically the socialism of the Soviet Union. I do not mean that whoever has worked for political progress has necessarily been a socialist. I mean only that it has been from socialist theory that political progress has chosen its inspiration, and from socialist example its practice.

Thus, in modern eyes, the Good Guys always have their hearts in the right, or rather the left, place and so can always be automatically identified. This rigidity Kramer, like the Trillings, metaphorically calls Stalinism, though as time goes by the metaphor has lost some of its life. Political Correctness is soft Stalinism. That is, the appearance of thought without thinking. This eviscerates language and kills civilized discourse by separating language from reality. Living discourse, as Eliot said, purifies the language of the tribe: In other words, it pulls language toward felt experience. As an example of the deformation imposed by the paradigm, Kramer, in a marvelous essay, considers Columbia's Schapiro, an ideologically committed socialist and an art historian who has achieved virtual secular beatification. Schapiro deftly evacuates the Christian content from Romanesque art, aestheticizes it, but imposes a socialist interpretation on a highly formal composition by Cézanne. His ideology here ruins his powers of seeing the works themselves. Along the way here we have consistently illuminating essays on such major figures as Whittaker Chambers, Edmund Wilson, Sidney Hook, George Orwell, and (for me, a discovery) Lincoln Kirstein. Valuable reflection is also given to a cavalcade of clowns: Dwight Macdonald, Mary McCarthy, Susan Sontag, Kenneth Tynan, Lillian Hellman, Nora Sayre. Even small balloons give off an amusing pop.

—JEFFREY HART



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# The Forbes Bandwagon

NEW YORK, AUGUST 6

Get a load of Steve Forbes's campaign!

The essential data: He wants to serve as president in order to reintroduce life liberty and the pursuit of happiness as the animating ideals of the good old U.S.A. Life (for the underinformed) includes life for the unborn. Liberty means emerging free from the cocoon of laws, mostly federal, that impose on us whether we're in the mood to start a business or rent an apartment or build a house.

The pursuit of happiness is the term the Fathers got around to, interrupting the conventional terminology, which back then ran: life liberty and property. But no one is more keenly aware than Forbes of the interrelationship between property and the pursuit of happiness. If happiness is a sailboat or a convertible, you shouldn't be stopped from getting them by reason of leeches affixed to the body by parasitic aggressors. The cost of government is somewhere over 30 percent of the GDP. That puts off the sailboat or the convertible or the college education or the nights at the opera, and influences human activity, sometimes dominating it. The energy spent in completing tax forms and avoiding tax exposure, bottled up, could make the Sahara Desert flower.

Steve Forbes is a fascinating phenomenon in so many ways. One can't read a paragraph about him in the press without being reminded that he is very wealthy. Routinely, some papers refer to him now as a "billionaire." The *Wall Street Journal* estimated his wealth at only one-half of that, a lousy $500 million. Then too there are disparaging reports about his expenditure of all that money (his 1996 campaign consumed $37 million of Forbes's own money) on a political campaign. That isn't, surely, the right perspective to put on it? Arianna Huffington, defending the $30 million spent by her former husband on a Senate campaign in California, remarked that no one thought it odd for wealthy citizens to spend $30 million on a Picasso. "My husband was willing to spend that much money to get him to the Senate where he could contribute what he thinks he can contribute to the commonweal."

Well said, and Steve Forbes, who actually outspent George Bush in the first six months of this year, clearly thinks it right to hock a substantial amount of his capital to a campaign that, at least, ventilates his views on life liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and at most, would get him sworn in as President of the United States.

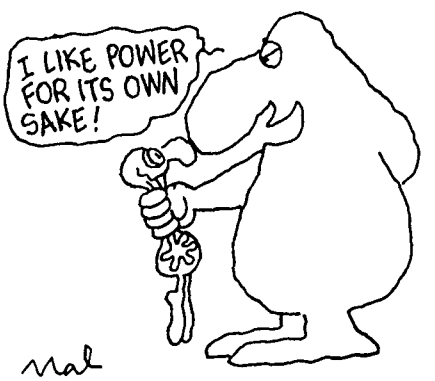
Moreover, what Forbes is doing is hugely different from simply turning on the tap and having an army of high-priced publicists stick your face on television every two minutes wangling the attention of voters or potential voters. Steve Forbes is appearing bodily sometimes ten times a day in pursuit of political attention and voter patronage.

According to the *Daily Reporter* in Spencer, Iowa: "Steve Forbes, one of the Republican candidates for president, made a stop in Spencer Wednesday, drawing more than 100 people to a reception at The Hotel. The turnout forced staffers to set up extra tables and chairs . . ." One hundred was a major turnout! That is in poetic correlation with the $1,000 limit on contributions. Raise one hundred million dollars one thousand at a time, attract fifty million voters one hundred at a time.

But Forbes is doing this in style. At every stop, he hits a different theme (Social Security, IRS, health care, foreign policy, abortion). "Those themes are delivered in daylong strings of grassroots meetings, but that is only on the surface. Forbes is rolling around the state in banner-festooned buses with music blaring from rooftop speakers on the caravan, Victory Express II."

Underneath that roof, high-tech stuff is going on. "At each event, Forbes greets activists and poses for photos with them as aides click away with special digital cameras. Staffers retreat to the back of the bus, where a string of laptop computers and printers whir away as Forbes speaks. When the activists leave, the photos with Forbes are on a table waiting."

Several questions press themselves on fans of Mr. Forbes's message. The first is: How communicable is it? Do those 100 people who hear that speech feel the tingle that translates into voting for Forbes in the Iowa contest on the 14th? Is it the message that catalyzes political action? Or is it the messenger? If Steve Forbes electrifies his listeners with the attraction of his agenda, a very good case is made for sending Victory Express II to Washington, D.C. It would be good to see pictures of Dick Gephardt and Charlie Rangel shaking hands appreciatively with Steve Forbes. The conservative movement makes way for late vocations.




# The Texan Dreadnought

NEW YORK, JULY 6

THE W. Express is some operation. A distinguished state governor called in last week, a public figure much esteemed at this end of the conservative production line, but not an old acquaintance, let alone a phone chum. He had two things on his mind, the first to pass along joyful news of a tax reduction in his state, the second to comment on the candidacy of Gov. George W. Bush, about which the caller was hugely enthusiastic.

What does one hear, when being spoken to about W.?

—That he is a committed conservative who sensibly inflects the message in such a way as not to hit ideological panic buttons. But (another caller points out), when Bush has to cross the line or lose his identity in the muck of ambiguity, he comes through. Evidence of this, recently, was his willingness to sit down and talk with Ward Connerly, the high priest of equal treatment, and the targeted enemy of the preference brigade. Gov. Bush doesn't, by receiving Connerly, necessarily abandon his own program in Texas, which is a little bit of a dodge. (You are guaranteed admission to the university system if you graduate in the top tenth of your class. Even if the whole of your class is illiterate.) Still, it was a gesture.

—That for all the problems with the term "compassionate conservatism," it is a handy detoxifier and works well with people besotted with fear and loathing of conservatism. "What he is saying, people want to hear, and people will insist on hearing. It is that if you let conservative policies have their head, those who lose out will not just die off." Reagan called it a safety net.

—That although it may sound undigni-



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fied to speak of the necessity to win, that is a clear necessity at this point in U.S. history for the very obvious reason that the grim reaper is going to take off at least three members of the Supreme Court in the next period. How many divisions has the president? Sixteen votes in the Senate, 73 votes in the House of Representatives—just to begin with. That is what the veto power amounts to. In the matter of the Supreme Court, of course, the president is plenipotentiary. He can't get anybody onto the Court he likes, but nobody can get onto the Court that he doesn't like. For that reason, my caller said, this is the year in which the utilitarian question is critical: Can the GOP candidate win?

—That the prowess of the candidate at the polls guarantees his access to money, universally accepted as the mother's milk of political power, as California's Jesse Unruh taught us back in the Reagan Sacramento days. Within a week after my caller rang through, the newspapers validated that claim. Gov. Bush has raised $36 million. What this means is that no material advantages of competing candidates, notably Steve Forbes, will prove critical. One wonders what voters would do, how they would react, if, let's say, the two leading candidates had each $1 billion. Suppose Bill Gates were running against Ross Perot: Would there be time left over on television for *Seinfeld*? One has to assume that at some point the political-campaign dollar would be redundant. But to wage a campaign when primaries are bunched together as they now are requires a huge entry fee.

—That George W. has a communicable likeability that can't be imitated, denied, or disfigured by the opposition. This is an important asset. It carried Clinton through one rape, one seduction, two acts of perjury, and three of justice obstruction. If the American people hadn't found him likeable, they'd have let the righteous lions eat him up. But they liked him. And if the Texas voters are representative, non-Texas voters will also like W. To like someone is not necessarily to trust someone, as Clinton has taught us. But in the absence of a bad personal history, George W. can, at least for a while, be accepted as both likeable and trustworthy.

—That Gov. Bush has made so much progress, so rapidly, the likelihood is month-by-month marginalization of other candidates. That's probably true, but of course the W. Express has got to watch out very carefully against a popular reaction, say in December or January, that the operation is a little too facile, and that, in the end, it shouldn't matter all that much if the trains run on time.

# Protect the Parents' Rights?

NEW YORK, JULY 2

HERE was the situation, adduced by critics of a pending bill:

Annie, age 12, is raped and impregnated by Johnnie.

In the state where Annie dwells, there is a law which says that minors who want an abortion have to come in to the slaughterhouse with a statement by a parent, okaying the abortion.

Annie was either afraid to tell her parents or else certain that if she did, they would say no.

Enter Johnnie's mother. She gets Annie into her car and they drive to a neighboring state where abortionists don't require of minors notification of their parents.

The abortion is done, and whatever the price that Annie has to pay when she gets home—maybe she is spanked?—at least an unwanted grandchild isn't any longer in the offing. On the other hand—we're not told—maybe Annie's parents never even found out that Annie was in the family way, maybe not until they read this column. As for Johnnie's mother, she has vaporized an undesired effect of his behavior. Maybe he will rape fewer people in the days to come. Maybe he has learned a lesson.

Have we?

The Annie/Johnnie story is quoted by David E. Rosenbaum of the *New York Times* as one of the "horror" stories being ventilated in Congress to influence votes on a measure that would make it a federal offense to transport a minor from a state in which parental consent is required for abortion to a state in which it is not required. Twenty states won't allow abortion without the permission of a parent. "Women from Pennsylvania, for example, often go to New York, New Jersey, or Maryland; those from Missouri go to Illinois; those from Virginia go to the District of Columbia, and those from Massachusetts go to New Hampshire or Connecticut."

That passage from Mr. Rosenbaum's story highlights something that revisionists on *Roe* v. *Wade* have said year after year. Namely, that if the Supreme Court were to reverse itself on abortion, abortions would still be very widely available. In 1973, the right to abortion was proclaimed a universal right, to the surprise of legislators of 49 states who woke up that day to learn that they had been denying a universal right all those years.

But *Roe* v. *Wade* had the effect of persuading contemporary legislators that abortion was okay after all, with this or that restriction, as in parental consent. So that the situation now is that if states were given back the authority they once had—to authorize or to deny—at least one-half would authorize. Connecticut, for reasons some of its residents have never plumbed, was so eager a few years ago to say the politically correct thing about abortion, the legislature voted *contingent* authority to abort in the event the Supreme Court went the other way. Those who try to understand exactly what was the purpose of preemptive legislation on that score are entitled to wonder: Why doesn't Connecticut vote in favor of free speech, in the event a Constitutional Convention, or the Supreme Court, rules against free speech down the line?

"Today's House vote, 270 to 159, was well short of the two-thirds majority needed to override a veto," Mr. Rosenbaum reports. It is not known whether the Senate will pass complementary legislation this year, but if it does, the White House has said that the president will veto it.

Why? The Annie episode is not a comprehensive rebuke to the impulse by the House to protect the rights of the parent. Hard cases make bad law, as someone remarked. Annie's rape to one side, Congress has a persuasive interest in exercising its constitutional responsibility to regulate commerce. Should abortionists in Connecticut have the right to lure girls from Massachusetts to the Nutmeg State so that they can evade the supervision and counsel of their mothers? In Nevada there are whores who, unlike the whores in other states, perform legally. Should entrepreneurs in Utah be free to take minors across the line to learn a new profession? We have a federal law that prohibits this. Why is a different principle involved where abortion is concerned?

Is there *any* prospect the voters in the 20 states that believe mothers should be consulted before an abortion is performed on their 17-year-old daughters will make their voices heard in Congress? The House has voted to acknowledge parental concern and responsibility; the Senate is evading the question (how would Sens. Dodd and Moynihan vote?); the brooding omnipresence in the White House listens to his pollsters, who tell him that the abortion lobby is more active than the other side, which is understandable—there is much more money to be made in performing abortions than in avoiding pregnancies. —UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE



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## ■ THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER ■

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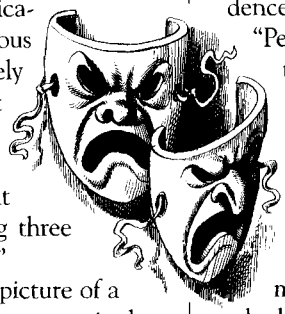

Show Ms. Coverage a picture of a locked and deserted gate or a motionless grey ship parked in the middle of the ocean and she will say: "We don't know exactly where she is at this time or whether the family has received word of her plans, nor are there any indications at the moment that she will shortly issue a statement soon, but as of now what we can tell you is that so far Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg hasn't arrived yet."

Ms. Coverage issues some version of this bulletin so often that it begins to sound as if Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg is the second member of the family to vanish from the radar screen, but before another continuous coverage can get started, Ms. Coverage returns with something new: "Here are Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg and her husband bicycling at their summer home on Long Island. Apparently they decided to go out for a bicycle ride. Behind her you see her husband, Edwin, on a bicycle."

The difference between mere coverage and Continuous Coverage is immense. Take, for example, the word "family." It has been grating on our nerves for a long time but its normal irritation quotient is as nothing compared to what Ms. Coverage can do with it. Somewhere around her 356,748th usage the viewer concludes that the human race should spring from widely spaced test tubes stored in hermetically sealed underground laboratories in secret locations scattered throughout Greenland.

Continuous Coverage is a jealous mistress and a blindly loyal one, though not a particularly democratic one. Even though JFK Jr. was never called a "prince" by anyone in or out of the media, he suddenly became one, and by exquisite coincidence was immediately bumped up to "People's Prince" lest the Brits think that Ms. Coverage had a better orgasm during the Dianalia than she was having now. The problem was, real royalty has what this particular member of "America's royalty" lacked: frontage.

Like so many New York apartments from the outside, JFK Jr.'s looked like a dump. The approach to Kensington Palace offered plenty of room to build an endless vista of flowers, candles, balloons, and teddy bears, but when this same crud was piled in front of a converted warehouse it suggested nothing so much as a New York garbage strike in its eighth week. What to do? A pull-back shot would have shown nothing but the dump next door, so Ms. Coverage came in for extreme close-ups so extreme that you could read the size labels on the teeshirts.

All slavishly adoring lovers kill the thing they love. When Ms. Continuous Coverage called JFK Jr. a prince, she effectively called his father a king, which did more damage to the Camelot myth than all of his tawdry sex scandals combined. JFK was always Lancelot, never Arthur, but once Ms. Coverage inadvertently crowned him, his picture in our memories underwent a Dorian Gray transformation. Gone was the handsome, debonair president blessed with the privilege of remaining young throughout eternity, replaced by an old man who seemed to grow more gnarled and spotted each time Ms. Coverage said "prince," until nothing was left of him but a desiccated shell on the attic floor.

The Irish in general came in for regression thanks to Ms. Coverage's compulsive political correctness. Having come to America before anyone bothered about such things, they were simply called "the Irish." They also were called "Irish Catholic," but this was almost always a compound noun rather than a compound adjective, so they never really had a hyphen.

They do now. They acquired it, along with today's de rigueur minority-huddle word, when Ms. Coverage reported on the Gaelic Mass at Old St. Patrick's Cathedral and referred over and over again to "the Irish-American community."

DESPITE Ms. Coverage's sleepless, round-the-clock, repeating-rifle approach to the news she manages to miss a lot of things both large and small. Most of the latter probably can be traced to the sheer ignorance of a younger generation of researchers and caption writers who assume that St. Thomas More Church was named for Thomas Moore. This same generation draws many of its college graduates from social strata unfamiliar with niceties, which probably explains why Bobby's oldest son, Joseph P. Kennedy II, was invariably identified as Joseph P. Kennedy III, making him the son of his uncle, Joseph P. Kennedy Jr., who died a childless bachelor.

The larger oversights are things that Ms. Coverage refuses to mention, such as the number of women snuffed or otherwise destroyed by Kennedy men, a list that has just been upped by two. A sensitive topic I wish someone would discuss is JFK Jr.'s appearance. Not his hunkiness, but the fact that he didn't look at all like either of his parents, nor even like his own childhood pictures. It got even eerier when he became a teenager. We saw very little of him then, and the few photos flashed quickly on the TV screen this week reveal coarser, almost loutish features that cannot be entirely explained by the awkward age.

Did he have plastic surgery? Now that I've said it I had better bid you adieu. America's royalty plays rough, and Lord High Sycophant Mike Barnicle may throw me in the Tower. **NR**

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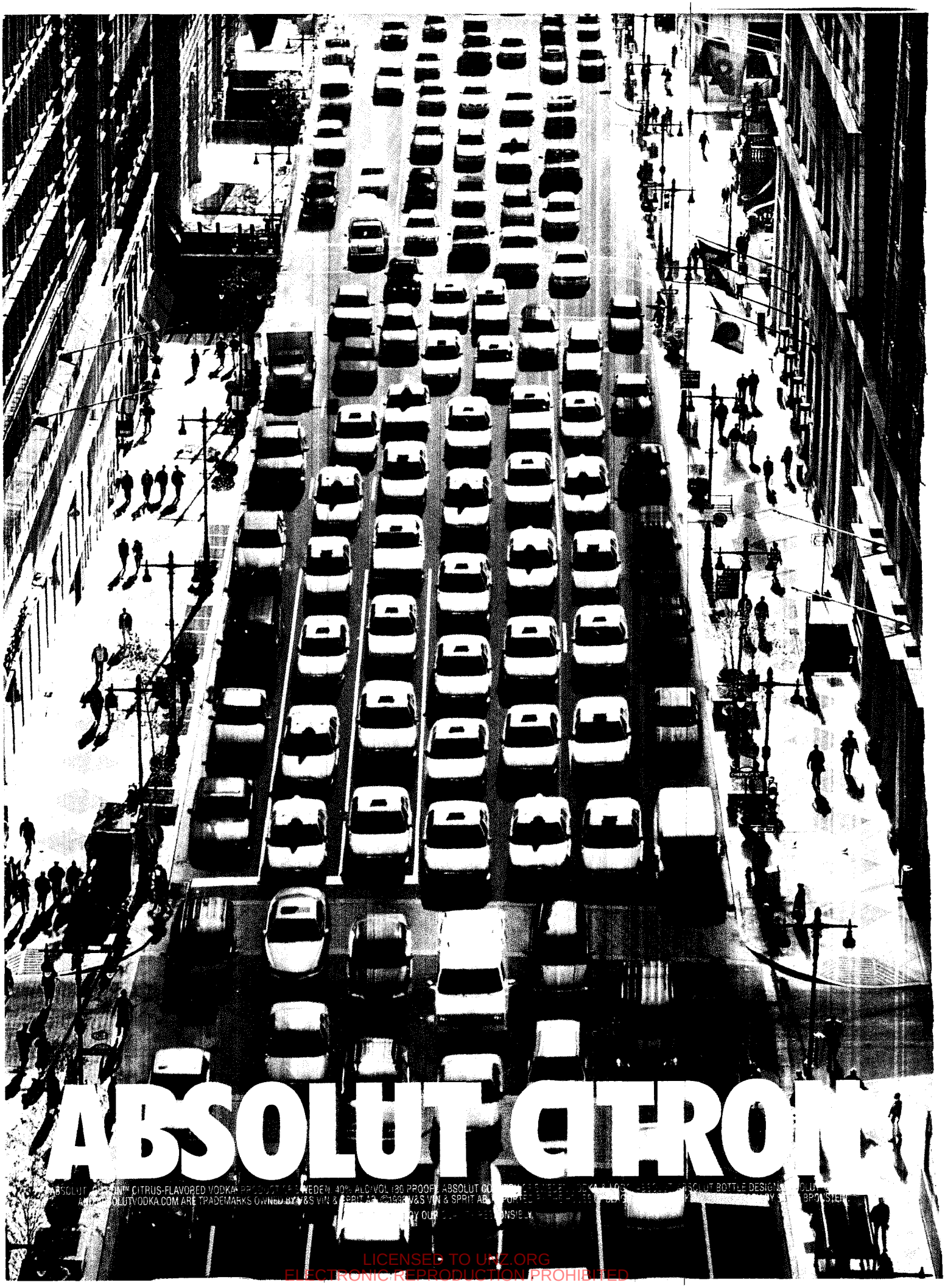


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